Vol. CXXIX. No. 1806.

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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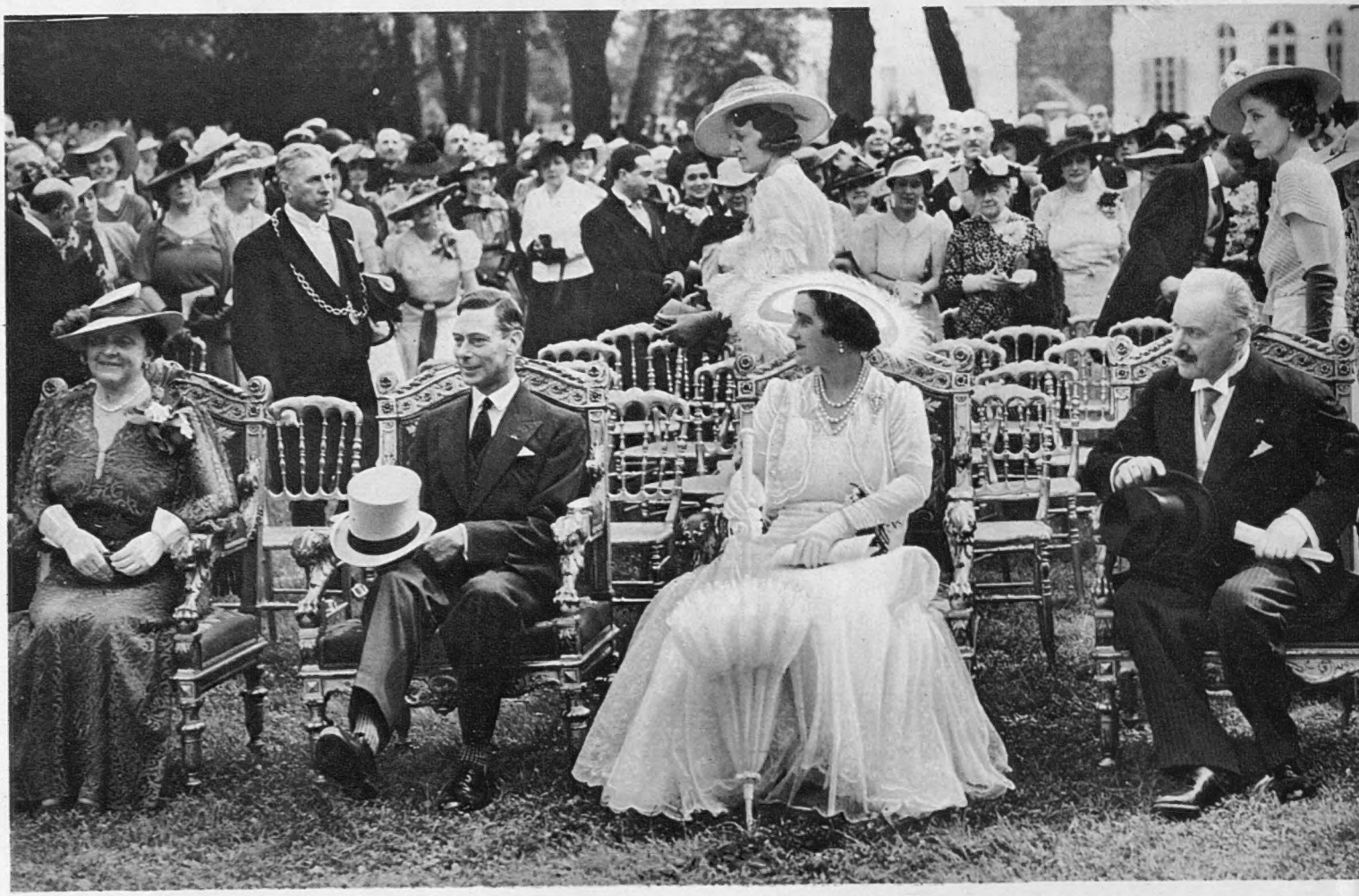
(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

The Bystander

The President Greets the King

Wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour among his shining orders, King George VI. stepped down on to the platform of the Bois de Boulogne station. After a salute of bugles from the Fusiliers Marins, he was greeted by M. Lebrun, the President of the French Republic, and the heads of the two democracies exchanged a symbolically warm handshake of friendship. The afternoon sun shone, the entourage saluted, cameras clicked. The Queen descended from the Royal coach, Mme. Lebrun came forward to stand beside her husband, and the Royal visit to Paris had begun

The King and Queen in Paris : Pageantry and Entertaining



The Bagatelle Garden Party — First of the Social Events

The Bagatelle Garden Party *was held in perfect "King's weather." The Queen's white dress looked exquisitely pictorial in the setting of woody gardens. Here Mme. Lebrun, their Majesties and M. Lebrun were going to see the outdoor ballet. Behind are the Queen's Mistress of the Robes and Lady of the Bedchamber, the Duchess of Northumberland and Countess Spencer*

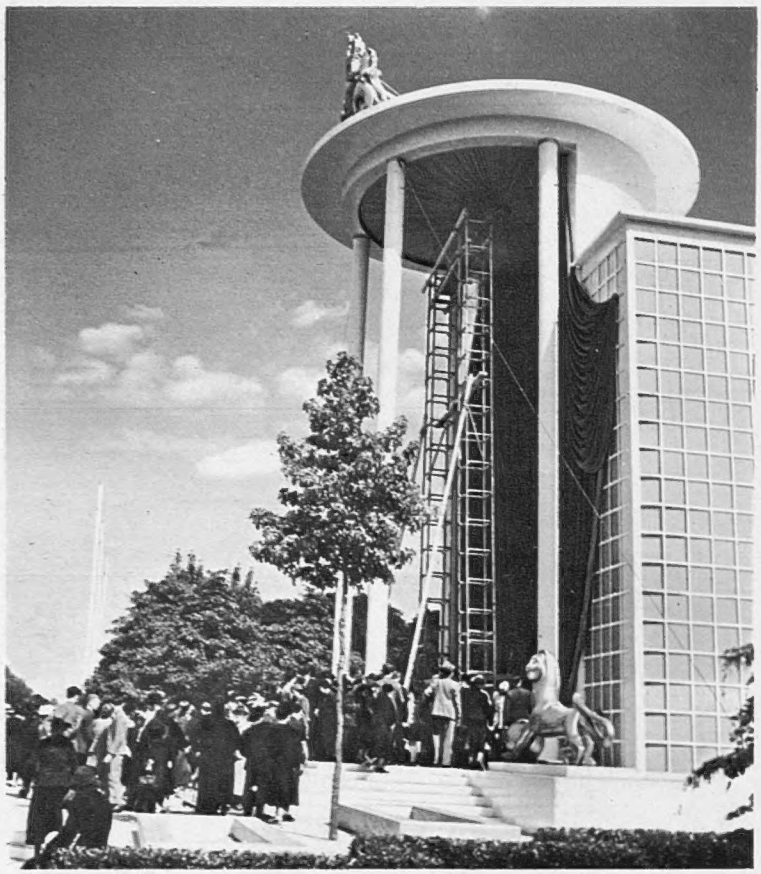
The Arc de Triomphe *was the first great Paris landmark the King and Queen passed on their way from the station to the Quai d'Orsay. St. Cyr cadets were drawn up round the Arc while detachments of artillery and superbly mounted Spahis lined the Place de l'Etoile. Next morning the King laid a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc, and signed his name in the Golden Book*

The procession *made a wonderful sight as it moved from the Place de la Concorde, itself a magnificent ceremonial setting, over the bridge and between blue and gold lines of Algerian Tirailleurs. Welcoming cheers roared and floated up into the clear, shining air which showed the delicate, silvery beauty of Paris at its most entrancing*

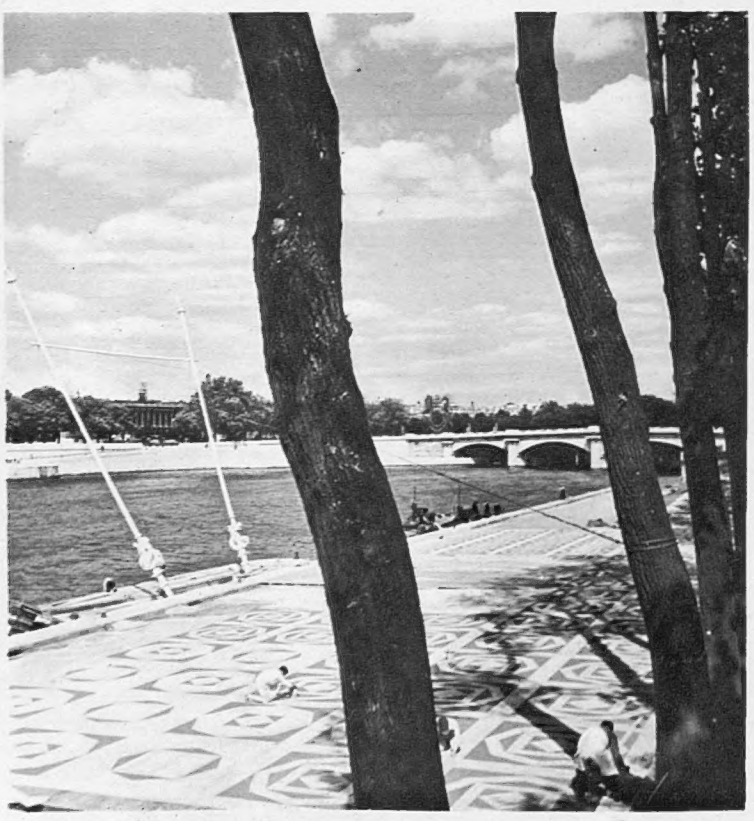
The King and Queen Cross the Seine by the Pont de la Concorde

Some Impressions of Paris

As the King and Queen Saw It



The Station *near the Bois de Boulogne at which the King and Queen arrived had an elegant pavilion added to it, hung inside with beautiful Gobelins tapestries. The entrance was framed by slender columns and high-draped purple velvet*

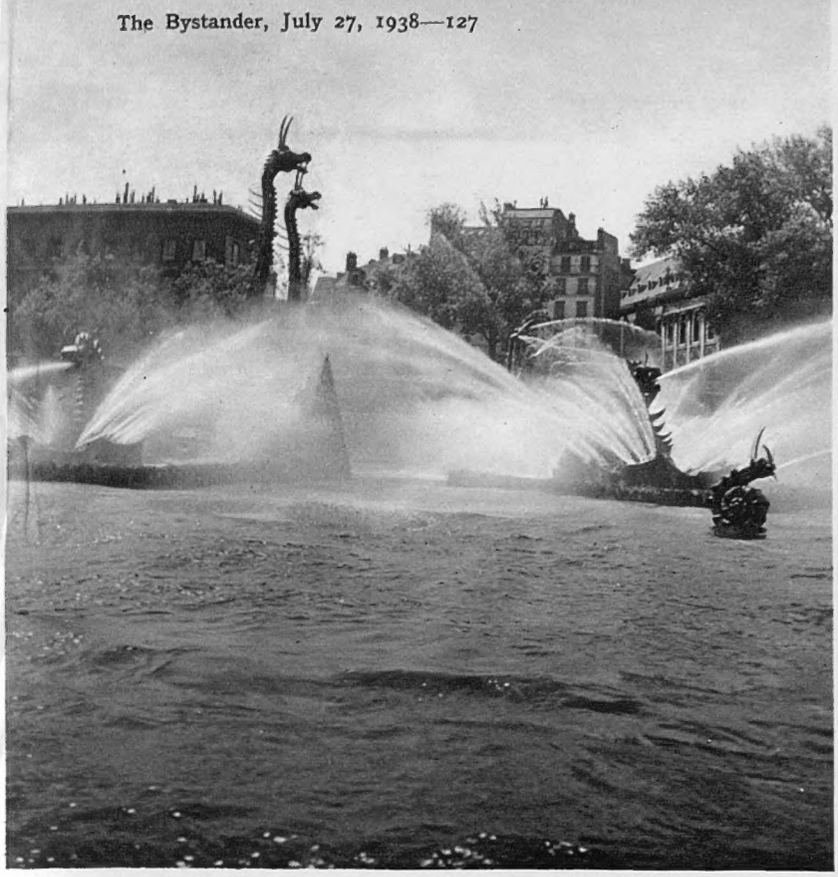


Embarkation *for the Royal river trip took place from the quay below the Palais d'Orsay. Here are workmen painting the red, white and blue "mosaics" and preparing the white frame for the canopy*

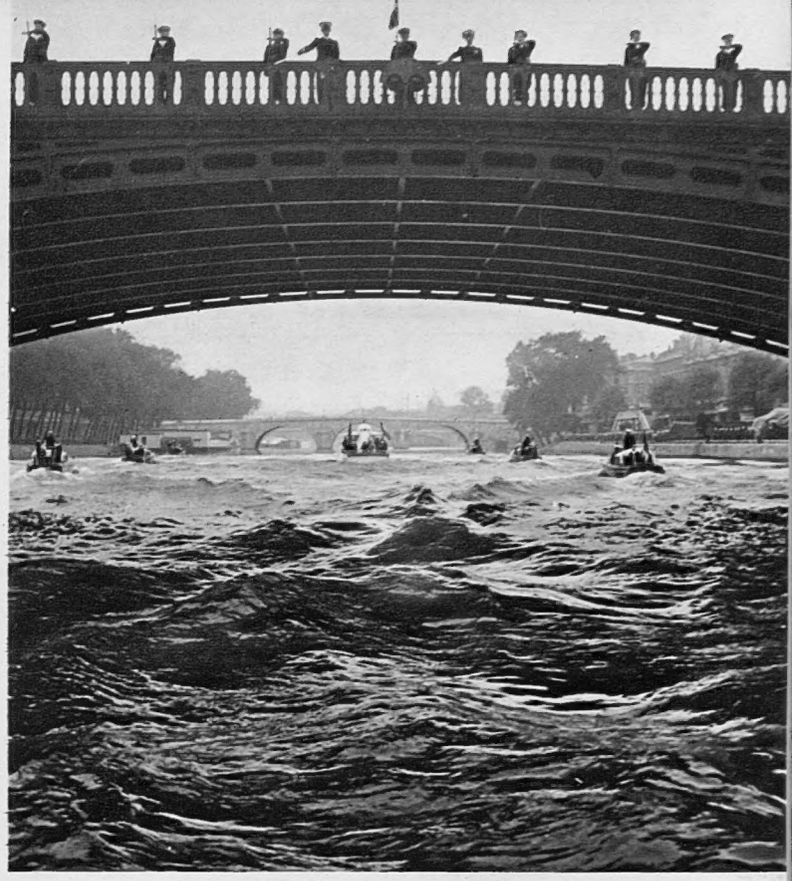
The Place de l'Etoile *was decorated with twenty massive pillars like stiff blooms bearing the spiky flowers of tricolours and union jacks*

Photographs by Roger Schall from Euro-Pix

Open-Air Ballet *was given on a platform over the lake at the Paris Municipal Council's Bagatelle garden-party. The programme mostly came from the Bal Tabarin revue, and it was the first time these Montmartre dancers had been invited to entertain Royal visitors*



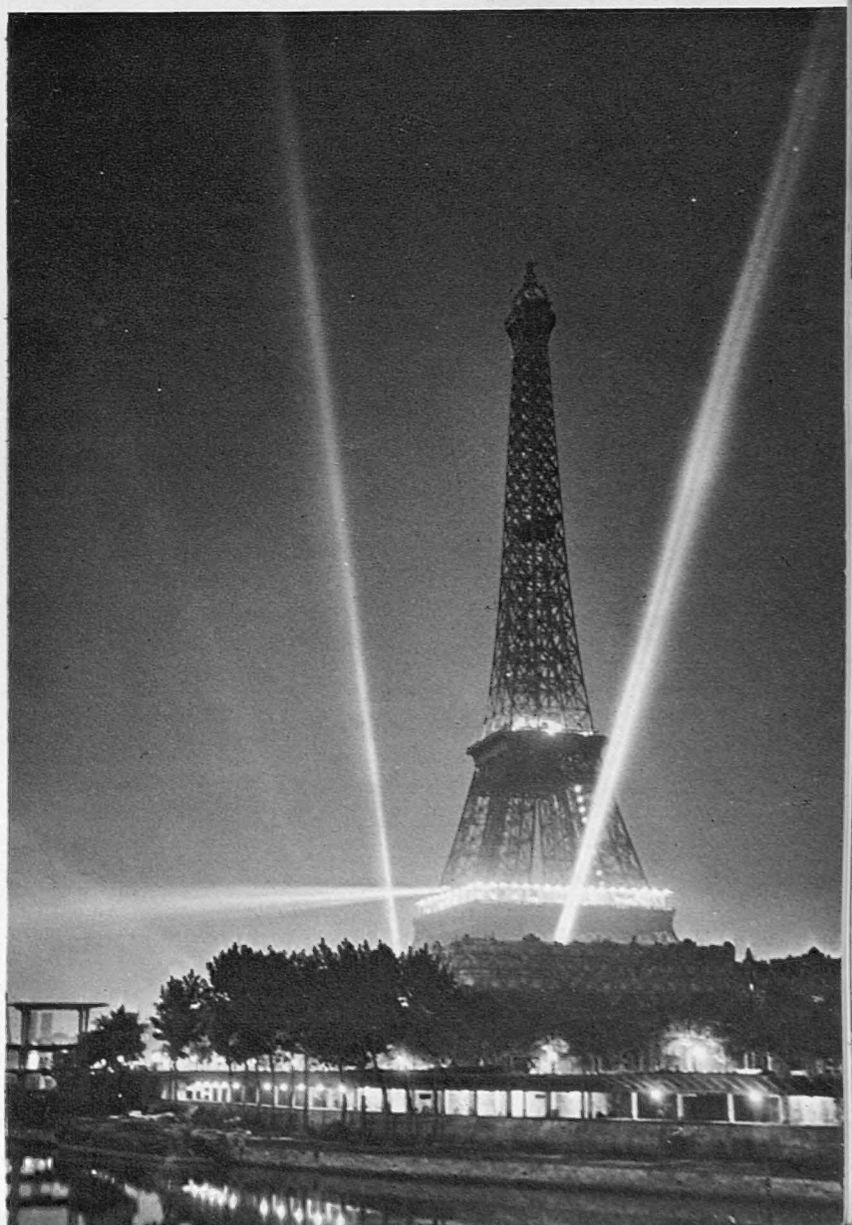
The Loch Ness Monster *grinned, two-headed and dragon-like, above the fountains of the Ile de la Cité, to greet its Royal countrywoman, the Queen, as she and the King passed on their river way to the Hôtel de Ville*



The Seine, *as always in Paris celebrations, played a leading part. With an escort of six cutters of the French Navy, their Majesties, the President and Mme. Lebrun travelled in a large white motor-launch up the river to the Hôtel de Ville. Here they pass the Pont Solférino*

Illuminating *the Paris night sky were endless searchlights and flood-lights, and a breath-taking display of fireworks. And that well-loved absurdity, the Tour Eiffel, serenely raised its head above the glitter*

Halberds *were borne by the sailors who guarded the bridges beneath which the King and Queen sailed the Seine. The famous French march, "Sambre et Meuse," gave them a musical send-off*



The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

The Entente Cordiale *was luminously represented in the Place de la Concorde by the lion, the unicorn, the fasces, and the Phrygian cap of the British and French arms juxtaposed on the Tuileries' terrace*

THE Royal visit to Paris was a tremendous social and sentimental success. It was also a political gesture of the highest importance. It was the reply of the Democracies to the swagger visits exchanged by the two ends of the Rome-Berlin axis. It was the public reaffirmation that, in Lord Baldwin's words, our frontier is on the Rhine. It is, of course, very easy to exaggerate the amount of fundamental good will which is covered by the cheering and the bunting. But one thing is certain. The atmosphere created by our King and Queen is very, very different from the goose-step, jack-boot, and blaring radio-propaganda of the axis-visits.

CAPTAIN WIEDEMANN has been over to London on a visit from Herr Hitler. The Captain is sort of confidential adjutant to the Führer. It is stated on good authority that he has come over to try to discover whether Britain was bluffing over Czechoslovakia on May 21st. It is of some importance to Hitler to discover exactly where this country stands, before he makes his next move in Central Europe. But I fancy it will take a cleverer man than Captain Wiedemann (and, for all I know, he may be awfully clever) to discover where this country stands on anything.

GERMAN scare reports of Czechoslovak mobilisations and troop movements were circulated last week—then belatedly contradicted. But the mere fact that they were circulated at all, in a country where nothing can be published except officially, is disquieting. The idea obviously is to give the impression in Europe that the Czechs are up to no good, and might even be menacing the Reich itself. But, as Mr. Anthony Crossley, M.P., succinctly points out, "whoever else attacks the lion, it isn't the lamb."

MEANWHILE it is reported that immense military preparations are in full swing on the Austrian side of the Austro-Czech frontier. Troops are packed in the towns and villages north-east of Vienna, and fortifications are being built along the frontier. The rumours even go so far as to name August 15th for the Tag. Take it or leave it.

A BOMB has been dropped by one of General Franco's squadrons upon the lovely Cathedral of Barcelona. Two of the oldest stain-glass windows were broken, part of the triforium gallery was blown in, and several of the famous stalls, with their canopies and their coats-of-arms of the knights who attended the last chapter of the Golden Fleece in 1518, were damaged. There can be no doubt that General Franco will be greatly distressed at the destruction, as we all know from Colonel Page Croft's description what the General's character is.

WITH all the confusion of names in the Spanish war, with one side yowling that their opponents are Reds, Bolshies, Anarchists, Marxists and general scum, and the other side yowling that their opponents are Blacks, Browns, Nazis, Fascists and general scum, it seems a little unnecessary for Franco to produce a decoration called the Imperial Order of Red Arrows. Surely he could have found some other colour.

LORD SAMUEL'S interventions in debate are all too rare nowadays, but he chose a good subject and a good moment last week in the Lords when, on the second reading of the Finance Bill, he urged the Government to reconsider the whole question of the American debt. This debt is always in the background of the American mind, and it is an unending source of friction between the two countries. Not only that, it is a nice excuse for other countries to refuse to pay their debts to us.

THE tangle in the House of Commons on privilege has now become so terrific that a black fog has descended on everyone concerned. As things stand at present, it would appear that a mistake was made, but that no one made it; that Mr. Sandys was summoned to the enquiry, but was not summoned by anybody; that there is a serious responsibility, but that it rests upon no one's shoulders; and, in fact, that everything is perfectly simple except everything. But for those who would

"Leurs Majestés, Durant Leur Séjour Dans La Capitale, Sentiront

The Place de l'Etoile *was the spot where Prince Ras Monolulu, with tricolour and union jack and shooting-stick umbrella, met the photographer, but he was observed all over Paris during the week, tipping the French off about the King's personal ways*

The Place du Palais Royal *British, the Magasins du Louvre in a small way the Selfridge times of rejoicing, and plastered British Grenadiers, royal arms*

use the incident as proof of the decadence of parliamentary government, I would point out that even a muddle is preferable to a concentration camp and a secret police.

At the end of all the excitement and red-hot prophesies and dud tips and hotly backed favourites and mysterious outsiders in the great B.B.C. stakes, the race has been run and a mysterious outsider has nosed out the field on the post. Mr. F. W. Ogilvie has an impressive record of academic and sociological distinction behind him, but nobody could say that he is as well known to the general public as Mr. Clark Gable or that elfin sprite, the Secretary of State for War.

Finland has accepted the invitation to organise the Olympic Games of 1940, and the authorities in Helsingfors have announced that their Games will be on the model of the old Olympiads, and not of the most recent examples of politico-hysterico-mass-propagando rubbish.

Mr. Douglas Corrigan, who flew to Ireland by mistake for Los Angeles, only carried with him a single instrument—a compass. On the whole, it might be said that he could have used the space and the weight for something more likely to help him.

Those admirable bodies who look after the National Trust, the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths, and Rural England, have issued an appeal for £1500 to save a large property in Eskdale, in the Lake District, from being ruined by afforestation. This is a wholly admirable work, and I hope that the appeal will be completely successful. The only snag is that the chaps from whom Eskdale is to be ransomed are the Forestry Commission, a branch of our great bureaucracy. Thus we have the not altogether pleasing spectacle of a Government office buying a beauty-spot and threatening to ruin it unless the lieges put their hands in their pockets and fork out the necessary dane-geld. It looks to me as if the business smacks of the old row in Carlton House Terrace, when the Commissioners of Crown Lands did their best to spoil the Mall.

Even in Winchester, that city of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman, and Englishman, the hand of the destroyer is busy. In the famous old High Street there is a house called the "God Begot House." It is a black-and-white Tudor house, built in 1582, on a part of the Manor of Godbegot which was given by King Ethelred to his wife Emma in 1012. Now some exploitation-company, or development-scheme, or something, wants to tear it down and put up some monstrosity in its place. Under the crazy and grotesque law, this historic building cannot be scheduled as an ancient monument because it is occupied.

My colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, has often pointed out the astonishing taste in correspondence so often displayed by "Auntie" *Times*. The old lady's passion for centenarian Turks, the oldest living Etonian and the birds which visit Lincoln's Inn Fields is well known. Her latest craze is pedestrianism of giraffes. This has the advantage that it helps to keep the mind of the Foreign Editor off Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and the Political Editor off Sir Thomas Inskip.

Talking of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, I see that the Treasury has been asked to refund the entertainment tax on the tickets that were bought for the third Test match at Manchester. It will be remembered that not a ball was bowled on any of the four days, owing to rain. The Treasury, so far, has guardedly said that it is "not altogether excluding the possibility." I feel certain that Mr. Lewis will oppose the return of the money just as strongly as I am sure he opposes the tax itself, and on the same grounds—namely, "What Entertainment ?".

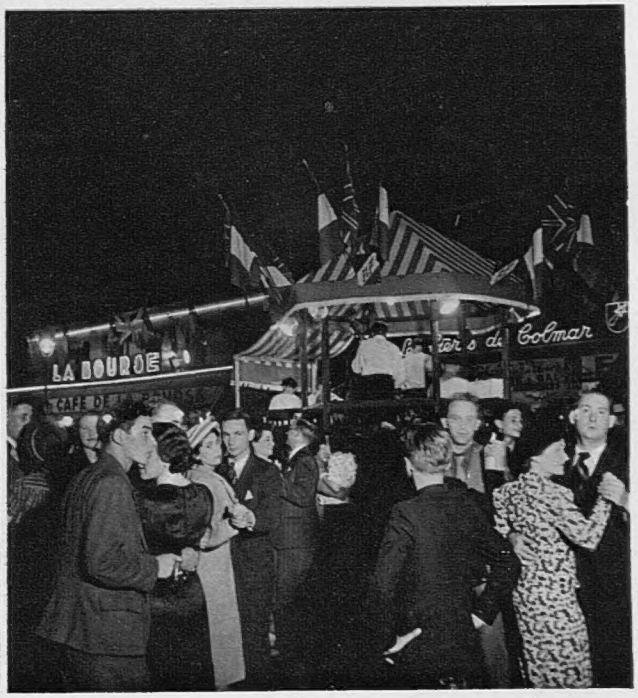
Frank Harris's book on Oscar Wilde has been published at last in this country. For many years the fear of the law of libel kept it across the Channel. The new English edition has been altered a little to keep on the right side of the law, and launched into the world with a eulogistic preface by Mr. Bernard Shaw. On the whole, it would have been much better for Mr. Shaw if Mr. Shaw had remained on the far side of the starting-gate. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, that gentlest of critics, has rolled up his sleeves, selected his heaviest bat, and hit Mr. Shaw for six after six.

Mr. Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy* continues to draw the town, and last week it had the double distinction of drawing their Graces of Kent and me on the same evening. The play was not in the least of the quality which I had been led to expect. The speed, and noise, and snap which I looked for were only occasionally on tap. The first act was slow, and often ponderous; and surely the time is past for white-faced, sinister gunmen. Ten years ago they were only a few years out of date.

Battre Le Coeur De Paris"

was frantically having emulated magnificence at their stores with and union jacks

***The Place Vendôme** and similar open spaces near the centre of the town were the scenes of encampments of pick-nickers and card-players; these are playing an illegal gambling game, for the moment winked at, wearing current newspapers with headlines: "On the Eve of the British Sovereign's Visit"*



Photographs by Roger Schall from Euro-Pix

***The Place de la Bourse** was one of many spots where dancing took place in the streets to the music of orchestras in improvised bandstands. Cafés and bars did a roaring trade. The B.B.C. broadcast from the Place Pigalle*

***Tarentaises** from the mountains of Savoy were there, whose country produced the Délices du Lac d'Annecy eaten at Thursday's Versailles banquet*

***From Martinique** in the West Indies came these handsome, swarthy Dondons, producers of coffee, cotton, vanilla, rum, sugar*

Les Belles Provinciales

Peasants in Paris to See the King

***From Normandy** came this family, from the district that produced the Rouen duck eaten by the King at Versailles*

***Niçoises and Provençales** travelled up to see the King and Queen, from the sun-drenched provinces where Roman ghosts walk*

***From the Auvergne** came this proud beauty, from the sleepy middle of France, whose speciality the King tried in truffes à la mode de Périgord*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 81

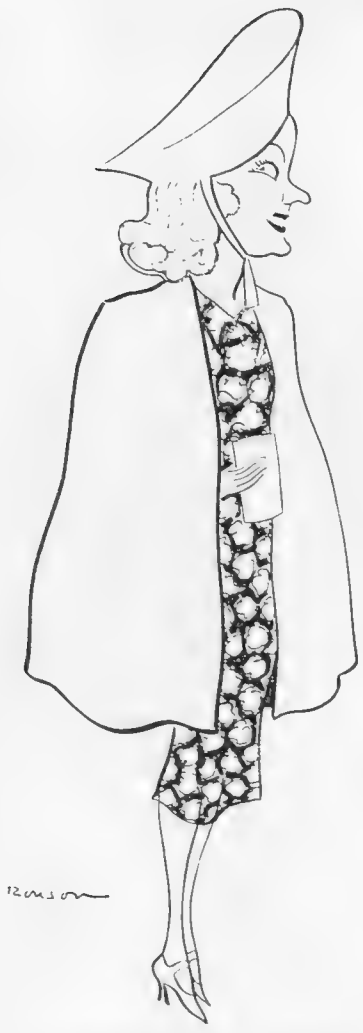
Clifford Odets

I SUPPOSE one must take for granted that most people who live in Hollywood lose all sense of time. Certainly Clifford Odets is no exception to the rule. He arrived forty casual minutes late for his appointment with me.

The author of that huge success, *Golden Boy*, at the St. James's Theatre, is on the meagre side, with curly hair, and spectacles which he insisted on removing before Molly Bishop drew him as you see here. He has full lips, a wrist-watch, a temperamental manner and a quick temper which either explains or belies a defiance complex. It was this trait which was no doubt responsible for the divorce proceedings between his beautiful wife, Luise Rainer, and himself. For he told a number of reporters at the time that he objected to playing second fiddle to his wife; adding epigrammatically, and with a neat change of metaphor, that this was the mechanical explanation for the breakdown of their marriage. It was only eighteen months ago that the wedding took place. Miss Rainer said that he wanted her to give up her film career and objected to being called "Mr. Rainer," and that he also objected to her wearing trousers. Mr. Odets replied, with the wit for which he is so well known, that if women wore trousers for comfort's sake, he didn't mind, but he insisted on wearing the trousers in his own home. It is perhaps typical of him that though he considered his wife a great actress, he admitted that he never told her so. Like so many successful dramatists, Clifford Odets himself began life as an actor. Only six years ago he was understudying the rising young player, Luther Adler, in a play called *Success Story*. The title seems to be prophetic. Luther Adler now plays the lead in *Golden Boy*. Clifford Odets has always been fond of music. He claims that his script is practically a score. He has even said that he could easily have been a first-class composer if he had wanted to be. Again, like a number of American dramatists, he is a Leftist, though he has only once failed to confine his politics to theory. This was in 1935, when he led an expedition of Liberals to Cuba to see whether the Batista regime constituted a dictatorship. But the entire deputation, together with two school-teachers who happened to be passing, were arrested on their first day in Havana, and the next morning they were all asked to leave. It is said that he now earns £500 a week from his plays. His opinion of films, however, is poor. "They do not show life as it is," he will tell you earnestly, "but lie, lie, lie all the time." I may add that he is a well-known scenario-writer himself, as well as being a playwright. With the exception of *Golden Boy*, I have seen none of his plays, but if *Waiting for Lefty* and *Till the Day I Die* can begin to compare with the show at the St. James's, every box-office manager ought to write an ode to Mr. Odets.

Charles Graves

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon



The little stranger: June Clyde

"Little Stranger" (Royalty)

WHEN the leading lady in Act I of a little comedy arrives with bag and baggage from distant parts to quarter herself on a family by whom she has never been seen before, you may lay long odds that before Act III is out she will have turned everything upside down. Thus, if the family is an unhappy family, she will set to work to put all to rights, solving the love problems of the young and the money problems of the old, and generally demonstrating what a wonderful woman a popular actress who is no longer an ingénue may still be. But if the family is a happy family, then the leading lady, well under forty, and with physical rather than moral charms, is more likely to prove a disturbing element, and harmony will turn to discord until, with bag and baggage, she departs again. An irresistible vehicle in either case.

IT is, therefore, not in the least surprising that when June Clyde, who is a leading lady and considerably under forty and as tempting as honey, descends upon the Shaws, with Agnes Lauchlan and Henry Hewitt acting as mamma and papa, and Marjorie Stewart and Robert Eddison as their progeny, there should be the devil to pay—especially as in this case the visitor is, while appearing to be composed of sugar and spice and everything nice, an inveterate mischief-maker. By fetching footstools, she soon makes mamma feel twice her age. Before you can say, or, at any rate, have said, Jack Robinson, she is in the comforting arms of papa. Meanwhile, she has become clandestinely engaged not only to the son, but to the daughter's fiancé. And so far-reaching is her effect, that even Daisy, the faithful retainer, rounds on her employers, engaging in the general slanging-match that provides the liveliest moments of this entertainment.

IF you ask, not unreasonably, for what deep-laid purpose the little stranger creates all this trouble, it can only be answered that the motive does not appear. She was, apparently, just made like that, as her father, now defunct, well knew when he bequeathed her to the Shaws, for whom he had no affection. He, too, would seem to have been an inveterate mischief-maker. Like father like daughter. A case, shall we say, of heredity? But risibility rather than reasonability has been the aim of the authors, of whom Katharine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell are the American originals, and N. C. Hunter the English translator; and when they achieve this aim, as they do at intervals, one does not pause to inquire. Miss Clyde sails prettily over the waters she so persistently troubles; it is always pleasant to see Mr. Hewitt's smooth exterior ruffled by contrary winds; and Miss Lauchlan, Mr. Stock, Mr. Eddison and others assist in giving Mr. Richard Bird's adroit production an air of spontaneity that is doubly welcome in the case of material that might seem not too promising on paper.

Mother and father: Agnes Lauchlan and Henry Hewitt

Sketches by Rouson

The boy next door: Nigel Stock

Children of the family: Marjorie Stewart and Robert Eddison

Deauville Week-end

Mrs. Goldman

Mme. Henri Letellier

Mme. Letellier, in a West Indies style turban, went to Deauville from London, where she had been staying with Lady Louis Mountbatten for her dance.

Georges Carpentier

Carpentier opened his new bar at Deauville on the French national holiday, July 14th, just in time for the first big week-end of the Deauville season. It has, naturally, a garden and big, bright umbrellas, and is part of the Deauville Yacht Club's amenities

Mrs. Goldman, playing golf in grey flannels and spotted eye-shade, is the wife of the owner of a lovely Riviera villa, Croix-des-Gardes

Madame Strauss

On the left is an attractive and expert French golfer, Mme. Strauss, who was Aline de Gunzbourg. She broke her leg winter-sporting last season, so has been out of competitive golf for some months

Airport Arrival

Mrs. Geoffrey Legge was waiting at the improvised Customs table at the St. Gatien Airport. She came with her husband, whose 'plane was second in the Deauville air rally. Waiting his turn at the douane beside her is Ian Smith, the famous Rugger player

Mrs. Eric Loder and Auguste Boyer

Left: Mrs. Eric Loder was playing Deauville golf with Auguste Boyer, one of the leading French professionals. Formerly Eleanor Curran of Louisiana, she was the widow of Sir Mortimer Davies when she married Major Eric Loder six years ago

Artist and Columnist

Van Dongen, the French artist, and Erskine Gwynne, the American columnist, smiled at the world out of a window of Carpentier's new bar, to the opening of which they added their artistic and witty presences

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Sh-h-h, I'm training him!"

EXCEPT at the R.A.C., about two of the big restaurants, a little place on Chelsea Embankment and in Kensington Gardens—except for these places there is nowhere in London where the practice of outdoor eating is permitted, even on the hottest summer night. Which lends interest to the L.C.C.'s reported decision to turn some of the fine old houses still preserved in places like Greenwich Park and Waterlow Park, Highgate, into restaurants with alfresco accommodation. Whether this splurge into Continentalism will succeed is dubious. There are numbers of people so careless of the decencies that they don't mind eating in the open air and being seen doing it. There are larger numbers of people who, thank God, still cling to the code of an older day. Dining a few summers ago at the little Chelsea place (two checker-clothed tables on the pavement under the Chelsea stars), we couldn't help feeling—we had been dragged into this adventure by a couple of wild Bohemian friends—that the embarrassment of the passers-by (one of them a clergyman) was even greater than our own. The night was lovely, a quite Whistlerish arrangement in blue and silver, fretted with golden lamplight and splashes of green, and jewelled with the lights of passing tugs, ruby and emerald. It seemed to reproach us. The passers-by averted their eyes for the most part awkwardly, flushed, and quickened their step. Two arrant Peeping Toms paused in the further shadows and stared, waiting for us to strip our clothes off and drink wine out of the girls' shoes. To carry off a difficult situation we pretended for a time to be French, making rapid, extravagant gestures and laughing in a high falsetto, but at heart we were sick, ashamed and longing for escape, and before long even the two Bohemians were mumbling dispiritedly and avoiding each other's gaze. The sensation of adventure had gone and we saw our little escapade for what it was—a shabby, vulgar, flaunting, foreign prank, fit only for the Bois de Boulogne.

It's no use trying to blink the fact. There is something in the average clean-minded Englishman's make-up which is revolted by the thought of eating in the open air. Call it excessive moral delicacy if you like. Call it even pruriency (*la pudibonderie anglaise*). It's part of our national character, and one of the secrets of our greatness.

Show

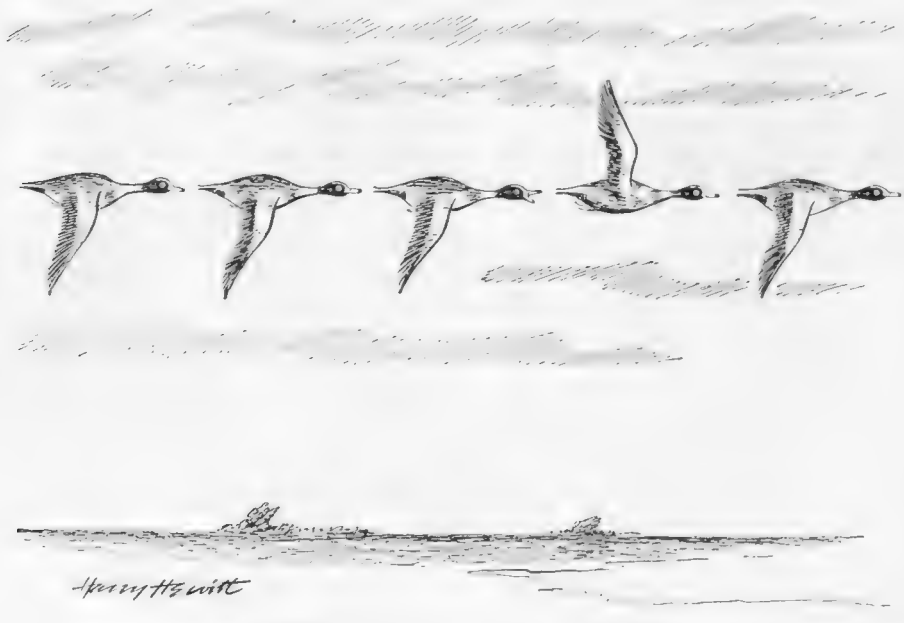
THE recent centenary pageant at Birmingham seems to have been as much of a triumph for the scriptwriter as the producer, practically nothing having happened in Birmingham between the Creation and the end of the eighteenth century, when it began to change from a small country town into one of those beautiful cities which perpetually attract and enchant the romantic traveller, like Assisi or Avila. Hence the episodes featuring Sir Fulk de Bermingham, mediæval Lord of the Manor, and the Battle of Crécy (which turns out to have been won by Birmingham men), were not quite so satisfying, a chap tells us who saw the show, as the final episode showing, among other Birmingham heroes, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He personally thought they missed a dramatic chance by not including an episode showing the tourist buying glamorous Birmingham-made curios all over the Near and Far East at fifty times their value. This he says, could have been worked up into a real Arabian Nights enchantment, exotic and magical, and in the hands of somebody like Reinhardt or the late Imré Kiralfy would have blossomed into a stupendous spectacle. The export trade in Oriental idols should also have had its rightful place.

Unnecessary coyness seems to hamper the Pageant Muse not infrequently. We doubt if a Pageant of Bristol, for example, would fully exploit the dramatic possibilities of the slave trade on which the pious merchant princes of that great port founded their fortunes. Our Australian Cousins showed moral courage when, after some debate, they decided to include a posse of convicts in that pageant at Sydney a little time ago celebrating the foundation of the colony. As somebody remarked at the time, we ourselves would have had to pretend these embarrassing chaps were welfare-workers.

Song-birds

DISCUSSING American hospitality, so generous, and American friendship, so sincere, Christopher Hollis made a point the other day which we touched on ourselves, less illuminatingly, some time ago—namely, that the Americans have an enormous number of songs, and sing them constantly. How jolly these choruses are (some of them are unprintable) and how essentially Tudor the tradition they keep up! At a dinner-party in sixteenth-century England everybody sang, glees and catches and love-songs and songs of good life. At the first stag-party we ever went to in New York there was singing of choruses half through the night, sentimental, satiric, martial, Bacchic and Rabelaisian. It seemed to us a pleasanter way of spending the night hours than merely drinking. Even crooks and tough babies in America like a bit of close harmony, as Runyon fans know from that incident in Good-Time Charley Bernstein's speak when the principal tenor gets slugged. You hear no songs in Soho.

At the same time, we think community-singing, another American addiction, is overdoing it. A football or seaside crowd



"There you go—out of step again"

moaning out a hymn or a sentimental chorus some two or three bars (always) behind the band and the perspiring gentleman in flannels waving a frantic stick on the rostrum is excessively depressing to listen to: the more so because when this novelty was imported it was announced by some of the emotional Fleet Street boys that here was the long-sought cure for all our national ills. They may have believed this themselves, and probably did, but if they 'd taken the trouble to inspect their theory in practice they 'd have discovered that about the only thing community-singing cures in a sensitive citizen is the desire to hear it again.

Snag

THE latest hardship to be inflicted on the rural populace—bitter complaints come from parts of Hertfordshire—is the automatic telephone, which gift of Science has so brightened and speeded up village life that the rurals find it cheaper and quicker when they need a doctor, or a chop for lunch, to send post-cards, they say. They find that while the odious machine responds shrilly and eagerly to a mechanic ringing-up to test the line in the grey small hours, it often goes stubbornly dead when a subscriber tries to use it. Probably it 's just shamming, out of contempt for the hayseed population. Our own experience in a village further South is that the old-fashioned telephone is just about right. It responds more often than not to kindly treatment, and your affairs give the local postmistress an interest in life. We hicks don't need the automatic system, any more than we needed the grid system, which often interferes—like the refrigerator—with delicious B.B.C. talks. (You 'd think by the congratulatory clamour that introducing electricity to the English village was just one more gesture of a superior civilisation, whereas Spanish and French hill-villages had electricity about forty years ago, and made no song about it).

The ideal country telephone, which a chap we know is trying to patent, has a transmitter for issuing requests, complaints and orders, but no receiver, so that the user is spared the tiresome babble to which people are so addicted, especially when speaking from London, that brabbling-pot of purportless and inconclusive chatter.

Comic

GETTING about a lot and meeting heaps of interesting chaps, voluntarily and otherwise, we met Mr. James Thurber at a dinner-party the other night and found the experience most agreeable. The creator of the Thurber Hound and the Scourge of Psychiatrists is lean, spectacled and extremely quiet, like most vintage farceurs. One wouldn't make an issue of this, but for the fact that there are people about the world who expect a playboy of any eminence to enter a room crying "Voilà!" wearing burnt-cork mustachios and jumping through a paper hoop backwards. They are generally disappointed, like a tall, bronzed sahib we once saw at a party following the movements of J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton with alert, watchful eyes. Any moment (we saw this sahib saying to himself) the feller will do something. Mustn't miss it, by Gad. Meanwhile there was the Morton feller walking round in faultless white tie and tails, bending gracefully from the hips, making discreet observations on topics of interest in a mellow baritone, and being generally the polished socialite and man-about-town and not comic at all, unless you count the costume. Similarly would the Thurber chap disappoint the simple and credulous, and we can well understand that there are hostesses whom this attitude—we mean being quiet and polite and not swinging from chandeliers and so forth—must seriously annoy. In the Beau Monde especially, where smart women expect writing fellers to earn their dinner, like the performing monkey whose place they sometimes usurp.

Jumbo

FOLLOWING with passionate interest a long, important *Times* correspondence on the age of elephants, we rejoiced like the rest of Auntie's boys to know that the celebrated Zoo elephant Alice, whose mourning for her even more celebrated mate Jumbo on his removal to America, pierced the great pulpy heart of England like a knife in the '80's, is still alive. A song which was made about the hapless fate of these two dumb lovers swept the country, but we were surprised to find even one of Auntie's little readers in such a state of virginal innocence that, having truly referred to public indignation over the sale of Jumbo, he didn't seem to know what issues were involved. For the great Barnum fooled the public very cynically indeed over the Jumbo case. Having already worked Press and populace into a frenzy over losing its idol, he went so far as to fix an electric battery half-way up the gang-plank by which Jumbo was to board the ship which was taking him from a stricken nation. Thrice Jumbo stopped dead half-way up the plank, jibbed, and refused to move. Millions of Nordic hearts throbbed and exulted, the Press of two Continents went crazy. Then Barnum removed the battery, shipped Jumbo away, and landed him in New York amid scenes reminiscent of Bedlam. Our modern publicity boys couldn't have made more out of Jumbo if they worked day and night for six months.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"My God—it's laid an egg!"

Joan Ellum

Sally Wisher

Lorraine Clewes

Glynis Johns

Corinne Luchaire

Making Their Names

Six Young Actresses Signed by Korda for "Prison Without Bars"

The total age of these six young actresses is only seven over a century, making the average under eighteen. They play the girls in the reformatory which is the setting for *Prison Without Bars*, Korda's English version of *Prison sans Barreaux*. It was in the original that Corinne Luchaire made a hit with the French critics and has been hailed here as a brilliant young star, although the seventeen-year-old Parisienne has not yet been seen on our screen. Joan Ellum and Glynis Johns, at sixteen and fifteen the youngest of the reformatory girls, both made successes of their parts (Lydia Holly and Midge Carne) in *South Riding*. The remaining three are making their first film parts: Sally Wisher, eighteen, acted at the Open Air Theatre last year; Lorraine Clewes, twenty, is a principal of the Birmingham repertory company; Mary Morris, twenty-one, was born in Fiji, had an M.-G.-M. screen test which came to nothing, is now under long-term contract to Korda. *Prison Without Bars*, whose star is Edna Best as a superintendent, reaches the screen in the autumn. Director: Brian Desmond Hurst

Right: Mary Morris

Ballet at Drury Lane

Massine's New Company

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE most eagerly awaited work of the season has been Massine's ballet to the Beethoven Seventh Symphony. By its very nature a long symphonic work must consist of a certain amount of inspiration wrapped up in a package of padding; and as symphony succeeds symphony, the padding becomes more and more obvious. In the earlier works, even the padding of such a master of design as Massine is interesting. No symphony could be more unsuited to choreography than Beethoven's Seventh, just because it has been called by Wagner "the apotheosis of the dance." This is no paradox, but obvious sense. If it was already the apotheosis of the dance before a choreographer laid hands on it, then clearly the choreographer has no business to touch it at all.

The one positive result is a second movement of extraordinary plastic beauty, one of the greatest frescoes in Massine's vast museum, a moving dance-drama on its own that may justify all the rest: the tedium, and what strikes me as a lack of relationship between movement and music; the confusion and the noise of pattering feet that intrudes upon the music, worrying the listener like a cloud of gnats on a fine summer's evening; the rubber snake that makes one vaguely uncomfortable.

Christian Bérard has done his work nobly with a far surer touch than in the previous symphony. One must admire the magnificent collaboration between painter and choreographer, the glorious blending of colour as group succeed group, and regret that the composer could play no role in this harmonious partnership.

THE other novelty, *Gaité Parisienne*, will be found tremendous fun by 999 out of 1000 people. How the tired business man—if there are any to-day—will enjoy it. . . . The thousandth will take a royal lead and say, "We are not amused," and will be shocked, not in his moral, but in his æsthetic sensibilities, which is, of course, far worse. Offenbach's music, the wittiest and most sparkling of its period, is magnificently orchestrated, but there is little wit or true feeling of period in the ballet itself; and the costumes are without the distinction that Mr. Cochran would demand.

Massine, strongly reminiscent of Eddie Cantor, gives a spirited performance that temporarily convinces one just because it is Massine, who is incapable of being flat, however flat the role itself.

The rest consists of some pleasing exhibition dancing, and a can-can, most suggestive of all dances, straight from the London Casino; and very good it would be in those festive surroundings. Never for a moment does it belong to ballet, yet Massine, in *La Boutique Fantasque*, has proved himself a genius in translating the can-can. In addition, the work is far too long, and full of anticlimax. De Valois' *Bar au Folies-Bergère*, her weakest work, is far more successful. It is only fair to mention once again that this ballet has been a triumphant success, and "les girls" perform their can-can nearly as well as the dancers of the Bal Tabarin.

"LE BEAU DANUBE," Massine's masterpiece of gaiety, has been badly damaged by a new décor, and costumes of quite incredible ugliness. Also, it is surprising that no one in a strong organisation could have drawn attention to the obvious fact that a large and not very accurate reproduction of a painting by Guys may be a good drop-curtain, but it is certainly not a back-cloth.

Les Sylphides, too, suffered from a revue back-cloth that ruined any suggestion of poetry, and even made it difficult to watch. Fokine's delicate touches had greatly suffered.

Massine is artistic director; Boris Kochno his skilled and experienced collaborator; René Blum is a man of artistic understanding and real sensibility. Why should these obvious errors be permitted? Whose is the fault?

An action picture of Igor Yusskevitch and Alicia Markova in the Third Movement of Massine's ballet to the Beethoven Seventh Symphony

WHEN we come to talk of the company, the picture is brighter, and, for the short time it has been in existence, the ensemble is remarkably good. Criticism at the present stage would be ungracious in the extreme. The company is headed by many favourites: the magnificent Danilova; a new Markova (what a glorious dancer!); Toumanova, not yet back to her old form, and with an obstinate tendency to thrust her head forward, but still a magnificent dancer, from whom we await great things. Mia Slavenska, with a strong technique, is totally lacking a feeling for the atmosphere of Russian ballet; Theilade has a very individual style, finely poetical in the Beethoven Symphony; Tarakanova is at last beginning to reveal her gifts; Leslie is charming as ever; Stroganova has a splendid elevation. Pourmel, Geleonova, Lacca are all names to be kept for future reference.

The men, too, form a strong team. Igor Yusskevitch is among the élite of male classical dancers, romantic and virile, technical and graceful; Franklin is full of fine promise; Guerard dances with greater precision than ever.

Physically, this is one of the best-looking companies I know.

I WONDER, however, whether the present artistic policy of this company is in the best interests of Russian Ballet: a delicate plant, needing the most meticulous care. "Educational Ballet" may seem an ungracious title, but it is the company at Covent Garden that has been safeguarding the particular traditions of Russian Ballet. Time will show whether this is a lost cause or not; whether ballet is to seek newer and more sensational channels. In saying that there is a definite difference of æsthetic between the two companies, I am stating a fact, and not at present attempting a balanced judgment.

IN any case, Fokine, the creator of modern Russian Ballet, is the outstanding figure of the present season, both sides of Bow Street. His work forms the bulk of every repertoire. No man can always be inspired, but even at his least inspired his work has an academic perfection that gives satisfaction and is an invaluable lesson to dancers. Massine, too, is a great master, with, at times, a touch of genius—his output of works that live in the repertoire is second only to that of Fokine; but when he fails, his failures are more sensationally and obviously absolute. Perhaps the triple role of dancer, choreographer and artistic director is too arduous. Such would seem to be so. But, in any case, the artistic director should be altogether outside the sphere of creation, as interested in the classics as in the world-premieres.

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger and Michel Fokine

Composer and Choregrapher Discuss the New Ballet "Cendrillon"

Baron Frederic d'Erlanger

The work of these two men on the fairy-tale ballet, *Cendrillon*, is another example of that collaboration between composer and choregrapher which has always been part of Fokine's creed and practice. It was first produced last Tuesday at Covent Garden, and pictures of it are on the next two pages. Its composer, Baron d'Erlanger, is by his own admission half a banker, half a musician. As a business man he is vice-chairman of Erlangers, Ltd.; as a musician he has signed his name to operas (his *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was staged at Covent Garden in 1909), concertos (Kreisler played his violin concerto in 1903), and many other works, including the Nijinska ballet, *Les Cent Baisers*. *Cendrillon* is very much in the *Cent Baisers* style. As for the great Fokine, he has belonged to the ballet since he was nine years old; it will be fifty years next year since he entered the Imperial School of Ballet in St. Petersburg. Fifteen years or so later he set out on his tremendous career as a creator—a creator not only of ballets, but to a wide extent, through the inspiration and influence of his genius, of ballet itself as it exists to-day

Photographs by Anthony

The Ugly Sisters Prepare for the Ball—H. Algeranoff and Marian Ladre Are This Pair of Pantomime Dames

" Cendrillon's " comedy is supplied by the Ugly Sisters, whom Fokine has carried straight to the ballet stage from pantomime. The parts are taken by those two good character dancers Ladre and Algeranoff, and played for all they are comically worth, both in mime and dancing. For contrast there is the Good Fairy of Grigorieva, as lovely to look at as any child's dream could ask. And there is an appealing and faithful Cat, danced by Raissa Kouznetsova

Right: ***the Prince Fits Cinderella's Lost Shoe to Her Foot***

Riabouchinska as the Cinderella and Lichine as the Prince are both perfectly in the atmosphere of the fairy-tale as Fokine's ballet tells it. Her wistful timidity never turns to the arrogance of a prima ballerina, even when the handsome, gallant and fastidious Prince dances with her the big pas de deux of the ballet, nor yet when she dances for him her delight in the surprising good fortune of his favour. This photograph of the shoe-fitting pas de deux in the last scene has a background typical of many a dress rehearsal — the corps de ballet still in practice dress

"Cendrillon"

Some Dress Rehearsal Pictures of the New Fokine Ballet

The old fairy-tale fills the Covent Garden stage with a blaze of colour and light. Dressed in the mediæval, Russian-flavoured splendour that Gontcharova has created for it, *Cendrillon*, composed by Michel Fokine to Baron d'Erlanger's music, is a magnificently lavish spectacle, with one transformation scene of coach, winged horses, and a fly-away grouping of fairies that leaves the most imaginative of pantomimes solidly earthbound. None of this appeared at the dress rehearsal last Tuesday, since, according to tradition, Mme. Karinska's superbly executed dresses were not quite ready. But the first performance, also last Tuesday, was received with enormous applause. And when Fokine appeared alone on the stage, the theatre shouted its gratitude, not only for *Cendrillon*, but for the whole evening's pleasure. The premiere of his latest ballet was made the occasion for a Fokine festival, with *Sylphides*, *Spectre de la Rose*, and the *Prince Igor* Polovstien dances also in the programme

Photographs by Anthony

Tatiana Riabouchinska as Cinderella

Cinderella in Her Ball Dress

David Lichine as the Prince

With the Services (No. 17):

The Small Arms

Learning to Aim—With Arm-rests

Many thousands of bullets whizz through the Kentish air of the Small Arms School, Hythe, every year, for here the British infantryman is taught to handle his weapons. Although the Bren gun is now standard equipment (see "With the Services," No. 16, July 13th), the bolt-lock rifle is used for training purposes. Here the instructor is lecturing his section on the principles and use of the sights, while the men, comfortably installed with elbow-rests, wait till he gives them a target and train on to it. The instructor then comes round, looks along each sight and comments suitably

Under the Spreading Chestnut-tree

This idyll in the lovely grounds of the Small Arms School at Hythe depicts a action with an anti-tank rifle. In the shade of the chestnut-tree sits Norman his lenses; in the sunny road, in an uncovered position which would never be the gunner. His section supports him. His weapon is of ·55 calibre and we weighs 22; its magazine holds five rounds and it can fire 8 to 10 aimed (not aut

Targets

A "Convertible Landscape"

This type of target has largely taken the place of the old-fashioned bull's-eye, whose black and white rings are never reproduced by war-time objects of fire. But the rings are still there, so that a bull's-eye can be painted in for novices who might be upset by any suggestion of surrealism. Hence the name

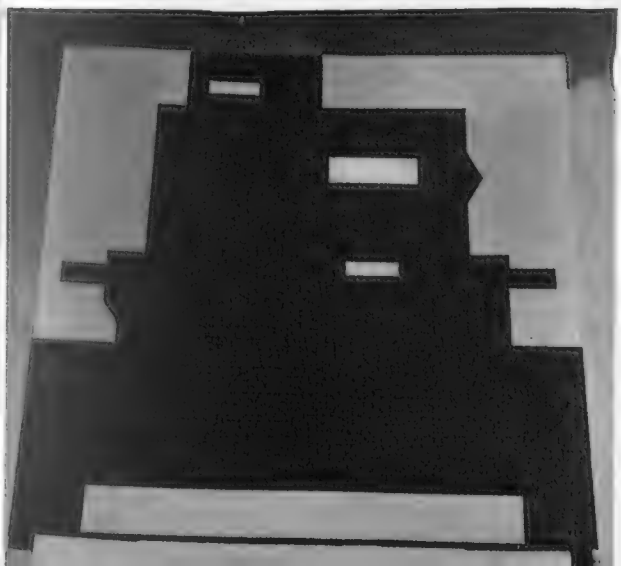
The old man below is watching for vital wounds in his targets. When he sees a bullet-hole appear in head, throat, thorax or abdomen, he pulls a string and down flaps Adolf, indicating to the marksman that the man is killed. These figures are now obsolete

The obsolete figures on the left have been replaced by those below, illustrating Army artists' trend from impressionism to realism. Through the coltsfoot, sorrel and rye-grass of Kent those enemy marksmen look singularly menacing

ns School, Hythe

ts a section of the corps in
nan Parkinson fiddling with
ver be adopted in war, lies
nd weighs 35 lb. (the Bren
t automatic) shots a minute

The target below is pure cubism. It represents a head-on tank and the white slits are the places to put the bullets. In warfare, this either kills a member of the crew or makes them shut up the apertures, reducing their manœuvrability ("blinding the charging bull")



The Sniper

The sniper's is one of the most daring and intelligent roles in modern warfare. With his telescopically-sighted rifle he chooses for himself his place and time for firing, his victim, his moment of retreat. He is a marksman, and the sergeant posed here in an ideal eyrie (if no aeroplane comes by) wears above his stripes the crossed rifles of the soldier who draws proficiency pay. The sniper rarely talks to his comrades-in-arms of his escapades. The sniper is rarely taken prisoner

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

CHARITY CRICKET

Out and About

As the Season Dies the Exodus Begins

Actors *took a turn at cricket, after the authors and actresses had led the way (see last week's "Bystander"): on the left are Ian Peebles, Lady Hardwicke and Frank Lawton at the actors' match in the grounds of the Orphanage at Langley, Bucks.*

RACING AT SANDOWN

Serious *at Sandown Park races last week was, apparently, the discussion of form between the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan and Miss Griselda Grant Lawson. Mrs. Buchanan is the daughter of the first and last Lord Woolavington*

TENNIS AT FRINTON

SAILING

Besides the sea *at Frinton there is the lawn-tennis tournament, and the combined attractions always have their July followers. This year they numbered (top) R. O. Williams, John Olliff, Miss F. Osborne, Captain C. Carleton (assistant referee), Mrs. Elsie Pitman, Miss B. Osborne, Mrs. Olliff, and Noela the Alsatian, and (bottom) Joan Jefferson Farjeon, Pat Cutler, Richard Cutler, Muriel Harris (Middlesex Junior Champion), Sheila Paterson, Ermyntrude Harvey and Nancy Cutler*

Arm-in-Arm *at Sandown Park were Miss Susan Pilkington and Mr. Patrick Spens, a Scottish couple who announced their engagement early this year. He is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders*

Well equipped *at Sandown Park were Mrs. Clive Graham and Mr. Nicky Morriss, with programmes, umbrellas, camera and binoculars between them. Mr. Morriss is the son of Mr. H. E. Morriss, whose Pasch won the big race*

Smiling *at Sandown Park and sitting on the grass were the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu and Mrs. Euan Wallace, the latter in a very attractive print dress*

Well clad *against the south-west wind, veering to north-east, which typified the Household Brigade Yacht Club's regatta at Warsash, Hants., were the Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton and Miss Thorn (left)*

Knight: *Sir John Reith, whose influence in the air materialised when he changed from the B.B.C. to Imperial Airways, got into his grey Ascot suit and spats for the Garden Party. Lady Reith favoured a long dress (right)*

THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY

Peer's son: *Lord and Lady Cranley were among the 10,000 who were pleased their host was well enough to be at the Royal Garden Party. Lord Cranley is Lord Onslow's heir*

Viscount: *Lord and Lady Bridport were two more of the King and Queen's guests on the eve of their departure for Paris. Lady Bridport took a shooting-stick*

Sailing-talk, *characterised by its favourite posture of leaning on a rail overlooking dinghies in a creek (left), is the opposite of the purposeful sailing-walk along a jetty, pictured above it. The two yachtsmen are Prince Alphonse de Chimay and Mr. R. R. Curling, honorary sailing secretary of the Household Brigade Y.C., which held its regatta at Warsash*

Commoner: *the Hon. Somerset Maxwell was a representative of the Lower House at the Royal Garden Party — he sits for King's Lynn. Mrs. Maxwell wore lilies of the valley in her coat and hat*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Sir Robert Vansittart—Foreign Office to Films

Sir Robert Vansittart is the film industry's new and important recruit from diplomacy. Every day he goes half a mile "to the office" from his house, Denham Place, to scribble and correct and dictate the dialogue of an adaptation of *Burmese Silver*, working for London Films with its author, Edward Thompson. It is his second screen job: the first was another dialogue collaboration, with Miles Malleson on Herbert Wilcox's Queen Victoria picture, *Sixty Glorious Years*. This good-looking Old Etonian combined writing and diplomacy for many years, has published books, plays, and poems; a play of his was given at the Embassy Theatre not long ago. His Foreign Office career took him to Paris, Teheran, Cairo, Stockholm, Paris again, and back to London, where he was Lord Curzon's secretary for four years, Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office and, finally, Permanent Under-Secretary there from 1930 onwards. He is a G.C.M.G. and K.C.B., an Hon.D.Litt. of Reading, married seven years ago as his second wife Sir Colville Barclay's widow, has one daughter by his first marriage

Films of the Day

Reincarnation as a Harold Lloyd Theme

By George Campbell

Of all comedians Harold Lloyd has been the most dependable, possibly because he is not in himself very funny. A charming, modest fellow, well aware of his own limitations, he has built up his success on team-work. There is no cleverer producer of comedy in the world. His team of gag-men are famous. They are paid—handsomely, for there is no more generous employer—to think up funny situations, incidents, tricks: what the studios call gags. Even when he is working they earn their keep if they get a bright idea a month; nowadays, when Mr. Lloyd produces one picture every year or two, their duties must be mainly social.

Mr. Lloyd once described to me how he meets them, and they all sit around and chat about golf, old times, and occasionally the job in hand; and how one man has an idea, and another improves on it, and a third gives it a twist, and Mr. Lloyd tries it out, and either discards it as unfunny or files it away for future use. Do you remember the marvellous effect he got by accidentally changing coats with the conjurer—the strange objects that emerged from the pocket, the water that squirted from the buttonhole into the eye of his boss's wife as they danced, the white mice that escaped and caused pandemonium on the floor? It was probably the most brilliant gag ever evolved, with the possible exception of the feeding-machine in Chaplin's *Modern Times*; and yet it was two years before Lloyd had a chance to use it.

Lloyd does not need to work at all nowadays. He has made millions of dollars and saved them; his house is one of Hollywood's show places; he is one of the few celebrities of filmland who are happy with wife and family, and has escaped all touch of scandal. If he produces a picture once in a while, it is mainly as a hobby, and because he likes to find his old associates a job.

There are few such men in the film or any other business, and I wish I could record that his latest comedy, *Professor, Beware!* is one of his very best. It is not. A professor's notion that he and the heroine are the reincarnation of a mummified Egyptian and the charmer who brought him misfortune and death has certain possibilities; but such an elaborate premise takes a deal of establishing, and the picture never quite recovers from a slow start. The chase of the professor by the police lacks the gorgeously comic menace of *A Sailor-Made Man* and *Grandma's Boy*; and though there is plenty of action where it is most needed, near the end, it comes too late to lift the picture above mediocrity.

Harold Lloyd and Phyllis Welch Behind a Palm

"Professor, Beware!", the newest Harold Lloyd film, and the first for some time, is reviewed on this page, with the conclusion that it is not up to the high standard Lloyd and his gag-inventors have set themselves. At the Plaza

Luise Rainer is a baffling creature. In the American version of *Maskerade* she revealed high technical skill, an endearing face, and a simplicity of manner that was quite charming in the role of the Cinderella governess. In *The Great Ziegfeld* she played one scene—the good-bye over the telephone—which was acclaimed all over the world as a little masterpiece of the pathetic. In *The Good Earth* she was so brilliant as O-lan that she walked away with the picture from Paul Muni and was accepted as the greatest discovery since Garbo.

Since then she has given us the intolerable bathos of *Big City*, running around with her head buried in Spencer Tracy's shoulder like a decapitated chicken, and now another generous slice of ham in *Frou Frou*. I believe Duse played in *Frou Frou*, or maybe Bernhardt, or both. Anyway, it was such a success in its day that seven different companies were playing various versions in three capitals, London, Paris and New York, at the same time. And it is easy to see why. A chance to be young and frivolous, and beautiful, and drive men crazy, and lose a husband's love, and be forced to leave home and child, and come back dying, and die most affectingly with husband on one side and small boy on the other—it is a bait as irresistible to leading ladies as molasses to a bear. Even in this age, when pulmonary pathos has been overdone, the end will damp a million handkerchiefs. But not mine. After Miss Rainer's previous eye-rolling and bird-like glances and pretty pirouettings and general orgy of coquettishness, I didn't care what happened to her.

Richard Greene is a young man with a future. He is that rarity, a British juvenile with good looks, a resonant voice and (so far as one can judge at this stage) ability. It was tough luck that he should make his Hollywood debut in *Four Men and a Prayer*. To have to drink toasts with three facetiously named brothers to portraits of a dead mother and a murdered father is trying enough. The most muddled melodramatic plot I can recall doesn't help; and the climax is reached when the four brothers, with a fine mixture of solemnity and satisfaction on their faces, come striding through what looks like the lounge of Claridge's, while the eldest informs the others, in a choked but manly voice, "His Majesty expressed his pleasure at the clearing of an honoured name," at the same time showing the decoration regained by the slaughtered parent. The dialogue is the best Hollywood British, taut and staccato, with such references to virile sports as the telephone inquiry from the brother in India to the brother in Buenos Aires: "Who won the cricket final?"

Stuff like this is hardly a fair test of Mr. Greene; one can only wait and hope. We know what George Sanders is like, only here he is rather more so; and David Niven is his dapper self as the nitwit brother with a good straight left at a pinch. C. Aubrey Smith is the murdered father with a habit of calling his sons by such endearing names as "Stinker" and numbering them off in the hall; though that is not why he is bumped off.

"Mr. Moto's Gamble" is interesting mainly because it was half-made with Warner Oland as the detective who solves the mystery of a boxer's murder in the ring. Then Mr. Oland had a breakdown and the studio had to find another player or lose £20,000. They brought in the Japanese detective, Mr. Moto, played by Peter Lorre, and the film is not bad fun, even though one does see all over it the ghost of Mr. Chan.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 149

Fables of Forgetfulness

By Milward Kennedy

No. 2. A Regrettable Lapse

Illustrated by Holland

JOHN BROWN adopted a pen-name partly because he feared that his first book would be a failure, partly because his own name was not a distinctive one; he wrote his detective stories under the name of Kathryn Lemesurieur because, in his opinion, detective stories could only have a big sale if women read them, and women were more likely to read a woman's book. In fact, however, Kathryn Lemesurieur was not particularly successful.

He came to enjoy his secret. It gave him a sense of superiority when his friends or acquaintances talked heavily about authors whom they knew. It also gave him a chance to work off some of his feelings about his neighbours or about life in general. It was that that got him into trouble.

He was outwardly very friendly with Tom Outram; inwardly he was envious of him, particularly of his success as a Don Juan. Outram was secretive about that, but he, too, needed an outlet—and he talked to John Brown.

Brown put him in a book. He thought that he was being clever; he added a number of unpleasant qualities that were not Outram's, thinking that thereby he was protecting himself against the remote chance that Outram would read the book. It was Brown's most successful book. Several of Outram's friends read it, and, since most of them knew the proclivities which Outram thought that he hid, they made haste to tell Outram what they thought. He read the book, he recognised himself, he found a suitable firm of lawyers to start proceedings for libel against this Kathryn Lemesurieur. Chuckling, he told John Brown what he had done, and told him he meant to make the woman pay through the nose; he wanted money.

John Brown ought, perhaps, to have told the truth at once. But, having failed to do so, he was in a dilemma. He could not possibly pay, and he could not face being dragged into court—if only because the revelation of his identity might lead to half a dozen other libel cases.

The wheels of the law move slowly. Having taken his desperate resolve to murder Outram, John Brown had plenty of time to work out his plans.

He was confident that no one would discover that he had any motive for murdering his friend: he had transacted all his literary business as Kathryn Lemesurieur. Besides, he meant to provide other people with more obvious motives: anonymous letters (professionally he knew how to deal with them) were sent to more than one husband who might properly feel aggrieved with Outram.

He stole Outram's latchkey; and he buttressed Outram with the belief that he had lost it inside his cottage, and that there was no need to change the lock; and he contrived that Outram told others of his loss.

And finally, he chose a wet, dark night when he knew that Outram was alone.

He crept up the stone path, inserted the key with his gloved hand, stole inside, heard with satisfaction that the wireless was on, full blast; and with a loaded stick that always stood in the hall he killed Outram as he sat, dozing perhaps, in his armchair.

Then he ransacked his victim's papers. There were amorous effusions, he knew. Some he left lying on the floor, some he half-burnt, others he burnt utterly. It took no more than a few minutes.

He crept out again, leaving the door just ajar, and the key still in the lock. He crept down the path and then turned and deliberately slipped and fell, plunging his gloved hands into the slimy pool close by the garden gate. He made sure that he was thoroughly splashed with mud, particularly that his gloves were well and truly mired.

Then he pushed open the front door, fumbled with his dirty gloves to find the electric-light switch, turned it on, called out to Outram, then went to the study and did everything that he would have done if indeed he had made the "discovery." He touched Outram, of course, and he touched the telephone, to summon the police; and his dirty, soaked gloves left most satisfactory traces. He also allowed himself a glass of whisky: he needed it.

When the police came he told them his straightforward story—how he had come round to borrow a book from his friend; how he had been surprised to find a key in the door; how he had turned it and come in and found—this.

"I—I 'm afraid I gave myself a drink, but otherwise I touched nothing," he said. "The telephone, of course, and——" he nodded at the dead body.

The police were intelligent and quite sympathetic. They saw at once that whoever had handled the stick and had rifled the papers had worn gloves—dry gloves. And there were the traces of John Brown's actions, just as he had described them: the marks where he had slipped in the garden; the muddy marks on the dead man's clothes and on the telephone. On the whisky bottle and glass were Brown's finger-prints, for he had taken off his wet gloves to give himself the drink.

"You kept them on when you came in, sir?"

John Brown explained about the key that had been lost; he had a sort of premonition, he said, when he saw it; he hinted that he knew something of the dead man's way of life.

"Yes, sir. I see. And there 's the traces where you felt for the light switch."

John Brown almost grinned. The white distemper, indeed, showed how in his agitation (not wholly pretended) he had scrabbled on the wall.

And he had seen the Inspector's eyebrows go up as he looked at one of those letters; and he had seen how carefully the half-burnt scraps were being collected. It was going splendidly. He was left alone with his thoughts for a moment or two, and he did actually smile.

The Inspector came back.

"Just one thing," Mr. Brown," he said. "Let 's see if I 've got this quite clear. You slipped, you came to the door, you found it locked, with the key in it, you opened it and came in and turned on the light——"

"That 's right," said John Brown.

The Inspector spoke to the constable who was beside him, and then he spoke to John Brown.

And John Brown realised that he ought to have pulled the door fast shut after his first visit: he had forgotten to leave traces of his muddy gloves on the key.

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

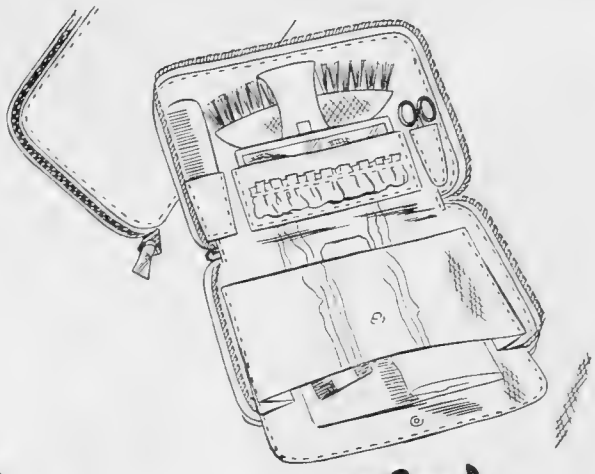
Gazing down upon the Grand Canal, this visitor to Venice has recaptured the spirit of romance and gaiety which prevailed a hundred years ago when lovely ladies glided about in gondolas. A Venetian tricorne in black velvet with a long, floating veil sits lightly upon her head. She bought it at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, just before she left England. This firm are showing their new mid-season collection of advance models for the autumn. Many of them are trimmed with frothy veiling, sometimes plain, but more often sprinkled with coloured chenille spots. Halo brims worn right off the face are shown in felt with sunray insertions of double net. This creates a transparent effect which is very becoming and cool for this time of year. Crowns appear to be rising, and ostrich-feather trimmings are well to the fore

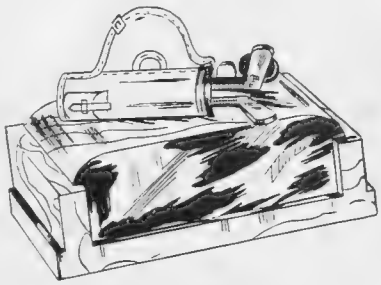
Sophisticated Simplicity

Lingerie plays a very prominent part in the modern bride's trousseau, and though she may not buy quite as extensively as her mother did before her, she is far more careful to see that everything she chooses is the right size and colour. The nightdress on the left has a distinctly demure air. It is made in "Celanese" satin and is one of this firm's newest designs. Ruchings in the reverse side of the material are introduced round the neck and sleeves, while the bodice is softly gathered, giving a built-up waistline. Many of the new "Celanese" nightdresses this season are accompanied by little shirred jackets which can be slipped on for breakfast in bed. There is one particularly charming model in pale pink "Celanese" crêpe de Chine with an appliqué design in blue. The jacket in this case is blue with a pink appliqué to match the nightdress

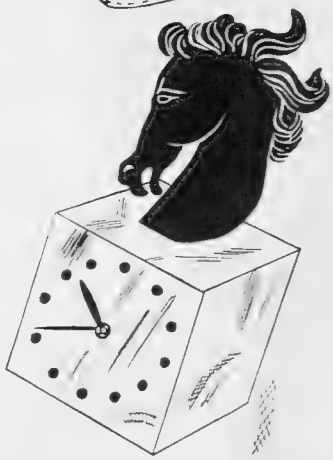
In these days of close-fitting frocks it is absolutely essential to have really well-fitting lingerie which will not cling or ride up in a disconcerting manner. Celanese are to be congratulated on the beautiful cut of all their garments, which are designed to flatter the figure. The model seated on the right is wearing cami-knickers in "Celanese" satin; they are cut on moulded lines and have no trimming apart from a few sprays of embroidery. Among their new autumn models Celanese are showing slips in their own special crêpe de Chine and crêpe satin, with three rows of hem-stitching at the hem. This means that if the slip is too long it can easily be shortened by cutting round the hem-stitching, leaving a neat picot edge. This firm's lingerie and fabrics are sold practically everywhere, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining them, please write to Celanese House, Hanover Square, for further information

Take this pigskin washing case with you next time you go for a long train journey or even a week-end visit. It is fitted with a clothes-brush, mirror, comb and scissors, also a pocket lined with oil-silk containing small towels and a tablet of soap. Mudie's, 115, New Bond Street, have it for 35s.





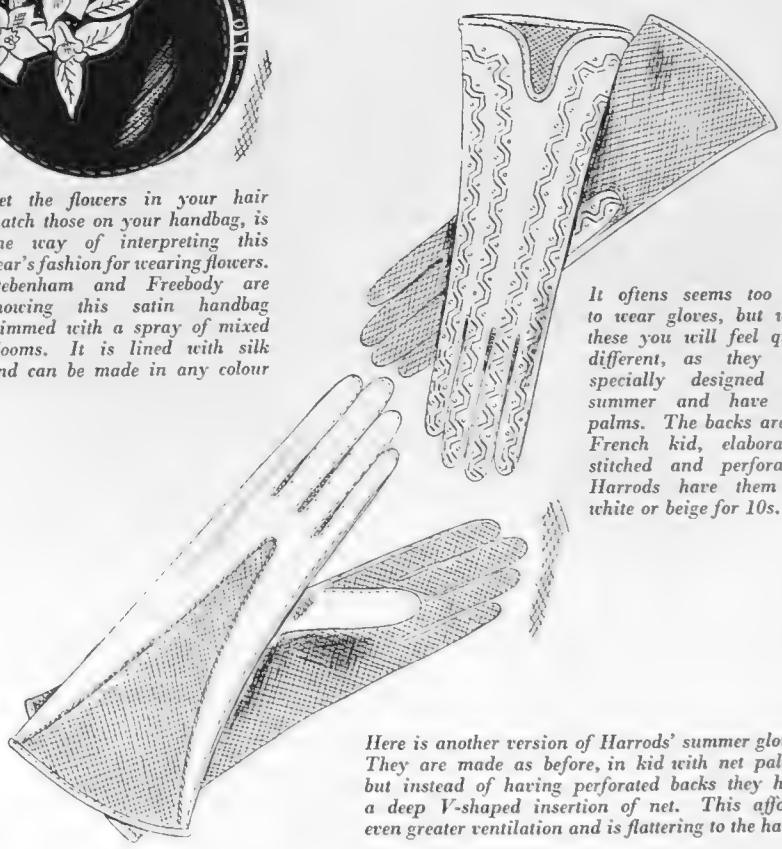
It is always difficult to know what to give a man, but if he smokes he will appreciate this cigarette-box from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore St. It is made of figured ebony and costs three guineas. A miniature set of golf clubs in a leather bag decorate the lid



This bronze head of a horse supported by a square wooden block is very modern in conception and would lend character to any room. It comes from Harrods, Knightsbridge, who are showing an interesting collection of unusual clocks. This one has an eight-day Swiss movement

There is no excuse for smearing marmalade all over the morning paper if you use the gadget below, as it is designed to support your paper or book in such a way that it cannot fall over. It costs 15s. and may be seen at Mudie's

Let the flowers in your hair match those on your handbag, is one way of interpreting this year's fashion for wearing flowers. Debenham and Freebody are showing this satin handbag trimmed with a spray of mixed blooms. It is lined with silk and can be made in any colour



It oftens seems too hot to wear gloves, but with these you will feel quite different, as they are specially designed for summer and have net palms. The backs are in French kid, elaborately stitched and perforated. Harrods have them in white or beige for 10s. 9d.

Here is another version of Harrods' summer gloves. They are made as before, in kid with net palms, but instead of having perforated backs they have a deep V-shaped insertion of net. This affords even greater ventilation and is flattering to the hands

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Activity Among the Big Names

By V. S. Pritchett

SOMEONE has been getting at Sir Hugh Walpole. You do not have to go far into his new novel, *The Joyful Delaneys* (Macmillan; 8*s.* 6*d.*), to discover that he has been told he is too cheerful and that the accusation rankles. It rankles so badly that he frequently stands up in the text to read a lecture to an imaginary young novelist who wallows in scrofula and pessimism:

> Now if, instead of this, there had been a description of Meg picking up a child and giving it sixpence, Meg, a lady, happy, contented, and handsome, *how* unreal the book would appear! How scornful the brilliant young man was of happiness.

I am strongly in favour of non-intervention for novelists and see no moral or æsthetic compulsion towards either happiness or pessimism. And to insist in advance upon the cheerfulness of your outlook and on the beauty and goodness of your characters instead of being content to present people and leave the reader to form his own opinions, leads to precisely the exaggeration which Sir Hugh complains of in the scornful young man. And I think he mistakes gregariousness for virtue.

The present novel is a cleverly constructed gallery of portraits collected among the poor gentlemen of Shepherd's Market. The time is 1934, Mayfair's raffish year, when Princess Corleone, who has climbed from party to party until she has reached "Royalty itself," dominates the gossip of the fading thoroughbreds who cling to the skirts of the quarter and live among the surviving bric-à-brac on dwindling dividends and their wits. Here, in the Market, is the eupeptic Fred Delaney, fighting for his converted house, cheering up his tenants, but suffering from "the difficulties" which edge plump men of fifty towards young virgins with innocent eyes. Here also, the pale and flaccid caretaker, Brocket, who is driving poor old Claude Willoughby to insanity, for the fun of the game; and Mrs. Van Renn, the thin-lipped fortune-hunter. I always like Sir Hugh's shady characters, even though shadiness is written in huge letters all over them. And I like his old ladies. But I do not like his younger generation. They are opinions and sentiments, not people.

For all its air of the heavily sign-posted fairy-tale, *The Joyful Delaneys* does catch the sentiment, the anxieties and corruption of a period. I felt for the middle-aged lady, who, after a heart-to-heart talk with her husband's future mistress at the Duchess of Wrexe's ball, dabs her eyes and says, with all the sad fervour of a mass meeting at the Ladies Carlton, that it would be a comfort now to have just one look at Mr. Baldwin. There from a bewildered bosom spoke the Spirit of the Age.

MR. LINKLATER must also rank among the cheerful. *The Impregnable Woman* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*) follows the timely fashion for Lysistrata and tells how women in the next war may take Mrs. Virginia Woolf's recent advice and cut the war socially. Socially is not, perhaps, the word. Mass chastity, helped out by hockey-sticks wielded in a way which realises the worst forebodings of the Sitwell family about this instrument, is the modern Lysistrata's line. The warrior returns and is not consoled. Not even among Goering's Germans. The only blackleg was in Edinburgh. Reduced to half its length, and with the more obvious eloquence about the horrors of war removed, this rather Nordic piece of naughtiness would have been witty without a break.

Stephen Spender, by Wyndham Lewis

Percy Wyndham Lewis followed up the Academy's rejection of his portrait of T. S. Eliot by holding a one-man show, which included that picture, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place. Other portraits of poets included Ezra Pound and Roy Campbell and Stephen Spender. That of the author of "Trial of a Judge" (Faber; published this spring) is reproduced here

MR. PRIESTLEY, like Sir Hugh Walpole, has the technique of concocting entertainment at his finger-tips. *The Doomsday Men* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) suffers as a thriller—but in the genre I confess to inexperience—from a sameness in the characters; but the idea is an ingenious one and I have nothing against its management. He has exploited the semi-criminal possibilities that can be concealed behind the mission-house dreariness of one of the scores of crank religious sects in Los Angeles; and fantastic as their activities are—it would be unfair to reveal them—they are strengthened by a mad moral justification.

AND now for the irredeemably cheerless Mr. Graham Greene. His *Brighton Rock* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is, undoubtedly, the most impressive of these novels, and in saying this I have no fear of playing into the hands of Sir Hugh Walpole. An exaggerated pessimism, a bitterness beyond description, this story of a murder may have, but it attempts one of the major themes of imaginative literature. In the terms of the life of a boy-murderer and his race-course gang who knock about the pier, the shoddy dance-halls, pubs and cheap lodgings of Brighton, he puts the conflict of Right and Wrong with Good and Evil. Of the important young novelists, Mr. Greene is the most expert. His ear for the new English vernacular of the road-house, his head for the values of places like Peacehaven and the slums are exceptional. The boy is a Catholic; so is the waitress, the pathetic slave who devotes herself blindly to him, even to the point of wishing to share in his damnation. The woman who, "out for justice," pegs away at the murder with which the story opens, and gradually dogs the couple, is a fat, amiable, beery pagan. Mr. Greene has some anxiety to make his point and he tends to underline it rather heavily—to the detriment of the drawing of the boy's character; one is rather bounced into accepting him—and he is also obscure in the links and climaxes of the narrative. (The murders occur "off.") One has to read back. A more serious criticism is fundamental: at first I felt it was the critical and calculating attitude to character which was responsible for an imaginative inadequacy to the religious theme; but now it seems to me to have been inadequately stated. The woman, that sinister bulky old girl with her little-of-what-you-fancy-does-you-good—was she merely out to put wrong right? Wasn't it Justice, the desire for which is as spiritually profound, universal and tragic as the irresistible and tragic hungers of Original Sin? But if, in its ambitions, the story falls short, it is a success as a serious thriller—grey, cold, breathless to the end.

"THE ORCHESTRA SPEAKS," by Bernard Shore (Longmans Green; 7*s.* 6*d.*), contains intimate and amusing anecdotal portraits of the habits of the famous conductors and others. It catches the excitement of the baton tap. I liked Kreisler being reminded that he ought to be playing in a concert because he had just passed a row of cods' heads in a fishmonger's shop.

Gilbey's
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
(10 YEARS OLD)

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 5

The MacGregors are both the most famous and the principal sept of the Clan MacAlpine, the "Siol Ailpein" which includes the Grants, the MacKinnons, and the MacQuarries. One of the charges in the coat of arms of the Chief of MacGregor is an uprooted pine-tree, and all MacGregors and their kinsmen wear a sprig of pine as their badge. It was Sir Malcolm MacGregor who for a deed of daring won from David II of Scotland the motto "E'en do and spair nocht" a fierce slogan which the MacGregors invariably seem to have justified. Even when their name had been absolutely proscribed after the battle of Glenfruin in 1603 it still guided them; and it was in the years that followed when the clan was nameless that Rob Roy the Scottish Robin Hood, won fame as a despoiler of his hereditary enemies and as a free-booter. Always bonny fighters and leaders of desperate enterprises it was young Evan MacGregor who first entered the Netherbow Port when Edinburgh was captured by Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Old feuds are now nothing more than romantic memories and the title of MacGregor of MacGregor has been officially recognised since 1830.

It's GOOD – it's GILBEY'S

Golf Clubs at Home: Shirehampton Park

The Shirehampton Park Golf Club is situated outside Bristol on ground which forms part of the National Trust property. The Club was founded in 1906, and the membership to-day is about 350. The total length of the course is 5000 yards

A View of the Fourth Green

(1) G. F. Bulphin (captain). (2) J. K. Coleridge (secretary). (3) R. B. Ardern (committee). (4) H. de M. Beaumont (5) A. J. Gerrish. (6) H. A. Williams. (7) R. E. S. Williams. (8) Captain W. Adams. (9) D. Patterson

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Holder at Sandwich

THE more you think about the Open Championship of 1938, and the more you consider the records of it, the more you realise how very nearly the holder, Cotton, who won in 1934 and 1937, won once more.

Cotton, playing well within himself, qualified in the second place with scores of 72 and 71, only one shot behind the leader, young John Fallon, an assistant at Huddersfield. The winner, R. A. Whitcombe, had a disastrous 84 at Prince's in the qualifying rounds, and finally only qualified with two shots to spare.

The leader in the qualifying rounds seldom does well in the Championship proper, while the winner is often found amongst those who scramble in in the last places. This year was no exception, as Fallon, after returning a good score of 70 in the first round of the Championship, returned 75 for his second round, and with 82 and 89 on the last day, finished well down the list.

The leader of the Whitcombes in the qualifying rounds was the youngest, E. E., Ernest's son, who did a very good 68 at Royal St. George's, the best score during the week, and a 76 at Prince's. When the real business started, we saw E. R. return 70, and both C. A. and R. A. 71, while E. E. took 77 and failed to qualify for the last day's play. R. A., C. A. and E. R. were well down the list of the original qualifiers.

Cotton started with a 74, not a good score, but certainly not a bad one, but when he added 73 to it he found himself seven shots behind the three leaders, J. J. Busson, W. J. Cox and R. Burton, and had little chance, if favourable weather continued, of catching up on the last day. He must have been delighted when he woke on the Friday morning to find a gale blowing, which made it obvious that only the most accurate strikers would get anything approaching satisfactory results, and also that there would be many crashes.

THE Third Round in the Open Championship is always a most important round, and Cotton's Third Round might have been very much better than it finally was. He played really well, but shots kept slipping away. He started with a perfectly placed drive, and an equally good, low iron shot, which took no notice of the gale, and had a putt for three, if you can have a putt for anything when the ball is trembling on the green, and when it is dangerous to ground the putter, in case the ball moves as you take the club back. He was short from the tee at both the second and third holes. The second hole, of 370 yards, was well within range, but the third hole, of 238 yards, could only be reached with a really terrific drive. He dropped a shot by taking three putts on the fifth green and another by failing to find the green at "The Maiden" (the sixth hole). He hit a tremendous iron shot at Hades (the eighth hole), which measures only 183 yards, a hole at which many players found it necessary to take wood from the tee. He got a shot back at the ninth by holing a chip. A pulled tee shot cost him a shot at the tenth and he was short from the tee at the 384-yards eleventh hole, a hole at which Padgham, who was playing a few matches ahead of him, did in two shots. He got a shot back by holing a good putt for a three at the thirteenth, and then had a real disaster at the fourteenth, the Canal Hole, which was and always has been responsible for numerous disasters. Cotton at this hole, although he hit his tee shot well, was only a short distance over the sand-hills and, while Bert Gadd, his opponent, or partner or both, was playing his second shot, was swinging an iron club; unfortunately for him when it was his turn to play he changed his mind, took a spoon, hit a high slice, which was carried by the wind yards "out of bounds," and finally had to hole a nasty putt for a seven. He dropped two more shots at the fifteenth, where he was in the long grass on the left of the tee, and at the eighteenth, where he visited, also from the tee, the long grass on the other side of the course.

If he had not taken three putts on the fifth green, and if he had not missed putts of about two yards on the third, fourth and sixth greens, and if he had not been "out of bounds" at the fifteenth, he would have been round in a score of 71, which in a gale would have been a phenomenal score.

THIS account shows, especially to those who know the course, how terribly well Cotton played, and how he mastered the gale. When Whitcombe returned 78 for his last round, to finish in 295, Cotton so very nearly proved the prophets, who declared that the Open Championship was then over, false prophets.

In his last round, Cotton was three shots under the average of four strokes per hole, playing the thirteenth, but he dropped a shot at this hole by taking three shots on the green. He got his five at the Canal Hole by playing a magnificent very long brassie shot to the green, after missing his second. He was again on the left at the fifteenth from the tee, and took another five. He now had to do the last three holes in one stroke better than par to tie. At the sixteenth, a nearly good tee shot trickled into the far bunker on the left, the bunker which once cost Harold Hilton the Open Championship; consequently, he took four. He had now to do four, three to tie, and in trying to do the almost impossible he took six at the seventeenth hole, and with a four at the last, finished in 74, the best score of the day.

You can see that with a little bit of extra luck here or there he might so easily have been three shots better and tied, or even four shots better and have won again. He undoubtedly lost his chance on the first two days, by taking 74 and 73, bad scores for him, but more than satisfactory ones for the majority of golfers. When he took 74, he played far from well, and might easily have taken more shots if he had not stuck to his guns bravely when things were going badly. Cotton, like all great golfers, can play badly and still return an almost good score.

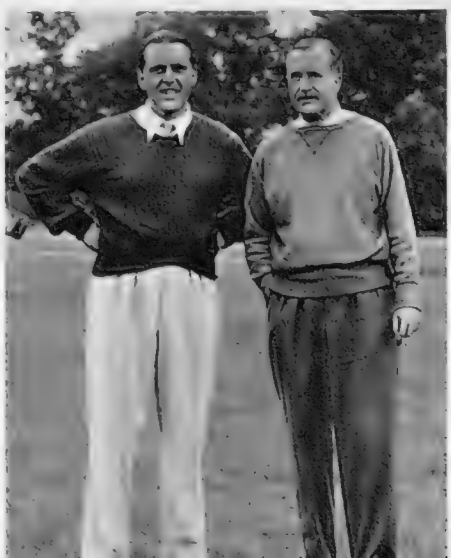
On the right are the last four in the Scottish Amateur Championship at Muirfield: E. D. Hamilton, who won for the second time in three years; R. Rutherford, whom he beat 4 and 2 in the final; D. Cameron, who lost 2 and 1 to Hamilton in the semi-finals; A. E. McLeod, who lost 2 and 1 to Rutherford in the semi-finals

Champion, Runner-up and Semi-finalists at Muirfield

The Golf Balls of Stoke

The annual four-ball competition at the Stoke Poges Club for the Golf Balls of Stoke was won by Kyle and Quilter (right), who beat C. J. Anderson (Northwood) and W. H. Macdonald (Muswell Hill) by a clear four strokes

R. Quilter (West Sussex) and Dennis Kyle (Sunningdale), the winners at Stoke with 65+66=131



Page Hufty (Washington, U.S.A.) and Andrew McNair (Sunningdale), who returned 68 + 75=143

H. G. Rowbotham and G. E. R. Larman (Rochford Hundred), who spoilt a first round of 66 with 79 (= 145)

The Bluejackets Cup *was won by the Knaves in a hard game with Cowdray Park, in the final of the Ranelagh invitation tournament. The Knaves scored first, kept the lead, but with difficulty in the fifth chukkur, to win 9—6*

The presentation *of the Bluejackets Cup to the captain of the victorious Knaves was made by Lady Anne Bridgeman. Major J. F. Harrison played at back*

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

We are approaching the green gooseberry season in sport, and only the fifth Test match at the Oval lies between us and the muddy revelries of winter.

In the meanwhile, I like to cling to cricket for as long as possible. I don't know what fresh sensations the Leeds Test match will have produced, though I suspect a draw. But I do rather like the suggestion that in place of the washed-out game at Manchester another Test match should be arranged at Scarborough, on September 3rd, instead of one of the Festival matches between an England XI. and Australia.

I don't suppose there is any real likelihood of this rearrangement. But the Scarborough ground is a fine one, and capable of holding a great many spectators.

News is filtering through, by the way, about a remarkable boy cricketer at Denstone College. I think, as a rule, that far too much publicity is given to schoolboys. But now and again a youngster emerges who forces himself upon our attention. This one, J. H. G. Deighton by name, is a fast-medium bowler who has some astonishing performances to his credit this summer.

In one match he took five wickets in six balls; and in the following match six wickets in seven balls. He has been consistently deadly, and his bag to date is well over seventy wickets in the term, at a cost of something like five runs apiece.

Deighton is seventeen years old, and I hope we shall have a chance of looking at him in the public school matches later on.

There must be some virtue in a bowler who can perform so prodigiously in any class of cricket; and Deighton was up against quite strong opposition.

Another presentation *last week was that of the championship belt to Dave Crowley at a dinner and boxing show at the National Sporting Club. Sir Lionel Halsey, who made the presentation, is here at table with Mrs. Alfred Pemberton and Sir Louis Sterling*

Ladies' polo *for the Clanbrassil Cup at Hurlingham resulted in a 5—4 win for Grimsthorpe over The Oddments in the final. These two Oddments are Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, who scored three of their side's goals between them*

Brooks' benefit match *at the Oval between Kent and Surrey resulted in a victory for the side of the benefitor by six wickets. Here are Fagg and Woolley going out to open for Kent in the latter's last match; in the second innings he was caught by Brooks for 16*

Athletics are very much in the news just now, especially after Japan's renouncement of the 1940 Olympic Games.

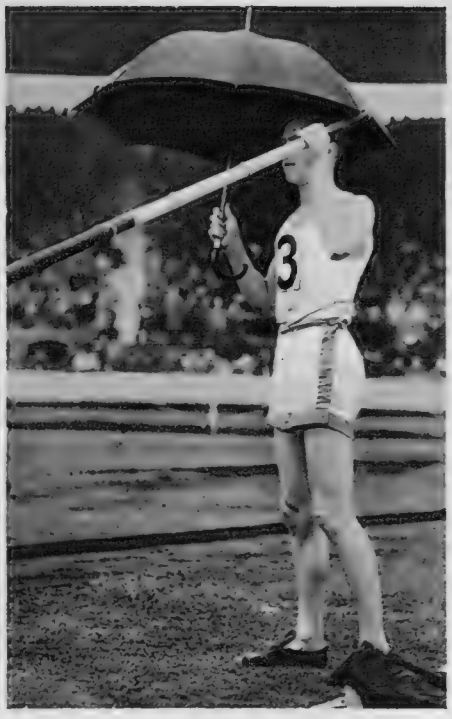
There have been suggestions that the Games would be staged in London, but that, I think, is really a case of the wish being father to the thought. Finland are next on the list, and in all probability they will seize the opportunity very eagerly.

Helsingfors would be an admirable site for the Games, and I have a feeling that there we might recapture our sense of proportion which was knocked rather lop-sided by the gargantuan stage-management at Berlin.

There are many who would like to see the Games restricted to athletics proper, as distinct from such subsidiary activities as boxing and football.

It is true that such sports come within the scope of the Games, from a historical point of view. But, in modern conditions, they inevitably seem to cause trouble.

***Sprinter** M. B. Osendarp, of Holland, won the 100 yards at the A.A.A. Championships at the White City, beating Italian O. Mariani (in black) and Michael Scarr (Achilles). Osendarp's time was 9·8 seconds*



***Pole-vaulter** A. Gibson, of the Atalanta Club, held an umbrella over himself and his pole during a sharp shower that fell on sportsmen and 20,000 spectators. Gibson was third in the vault to Romeo and Webster*

***Marathonist** J. W. Beman, a forty-two-year-old sportsman, deserved all the applause he got after winning the longest race at the White City in 2 hours, 36 minutes, 39 seconds. Lord Burghley presented the cup to him*

The Games, as a whole, do engender international good-feeling, as those who have taken part in them are always eager to assure me, though I should not have said that the tension at Berlin was the best sort of atmosphere for engendering anything so admirably constructive.

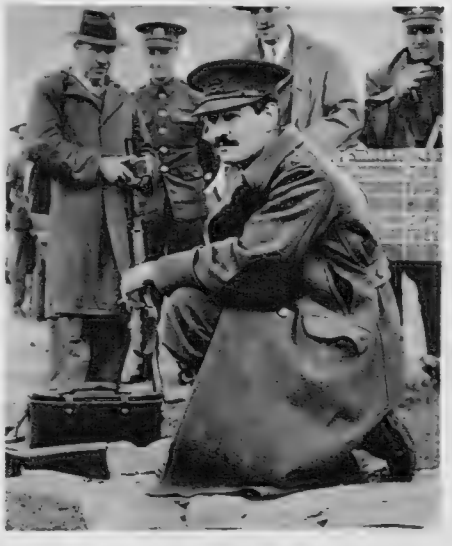
Even so, I am prepared to believe that at Helsingfors a rationally arranged meeting of athletes might be an excellent thing. But when the boxers and footballers come into it, intense competition always brings in its train disputes and hard-feelings.

THE growing popularity of athletics in this country is both significant and encouraging. The organisers of the National Fitness Movement must regard it with pleasure; and it was very interesting to find that well over twenty thousand people went to the White City on a dismal afternoon to watch the second day of the A.A.A. Championships.

They were rewarded for their enthusiasm by some grand performances, including a tremendous race in the 440 yards, with Brown producing that astonishing reserve of power at the very end to push his nose in front of Pennington and Roberts.

Emery in the three miles; the beautiful, effortless running of Wooderson in the mile, and F. R. Webster's fighting efforts in the pole vault were all most encouraging.

It is good to reflect that in one branch of sport, at least, enthusiasm is leading to real endeavour and achievement.



***The last shot** had hardly been fired by Captain J. A. Barlow, West Yorkshire Regt., winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, than the first shots of him were taken by the Pressmen. He is attached to the S.A.S.C.* *(see p. 142-3)*

***The Ulster Derby** meeting at the Maze saw Terraceford win the second race; here is the owner's daughter, Miss Inez Robinson, leading in the winner. The big race was won by Summer Soldier from Ajar and Umgall*

***This group** at the Ulster Derby meeting was certainly not posed, for the Earl of Antrim seems to have been caught chain-smoking cigars, while the Duke of St. Albans is standing right in front of Lady Dorothy Lygon, Lady Antrim and Mr. C. L. Mackean*

As for boxing, news has just come through that Jack Doyle is to fight Eddie Phillips at Harringay on September 13th.

Doyle, with his tremendous punch, still remains the biggest drawing-card among out heavy-weights, and this should be an extremely interesting fight.

If Eddie Phillips is as determined as he was against Ben Foord recently, he should dispose of Doyle quite easily, for Doyle, despite his strength, has no sort of guard against a boxer who can also hit.

Mr. Drummond Moray and Miss Robertson

The Hon. Gaenor Scott-Ellis and Mr. Heathcoat Amory

Weddings of the Week

Andrew Charles Stirling Home Drummond Moray and Bridget Robertson were married at the Brompton Oratory, with six pipers as skirling guard of honour. He is the younger son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. W. S. H. Drummond Moray of Abercairny, Crieff, and she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson, of Begbroke Place, Oxford

Richard Frank Heathcoat Amory and the Hon. Gaenor Scott-Ellis were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with a huge reception after at Seaford House, her parents', Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's, London home. She is the fourth of their five daughters. The bridegroom is the only son of Col. H. H. Amory, of Hele Manor, Dulverton, Somerset

Robert Alexander Bennett Gosling and Angela Irene Russell were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. He is the youngest son of Major W. S. and Lady Victoria Gosling, of Hassobury, Bishop's Stortford. She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Russell, of 28, Hornton Street, W.8. Her sister married his brother three years ago

David Nares and Jane Thompson were married at St. James's, Piccadilly. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares, of 35, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.; his father is playing in "Robert's Wife" with Edith Evans at the moment. His bride is the daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Thompson, of Brockington Grange, Bromyard, Herefordshire

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Robert Gosling and Miss Angela Russell

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. David Nares and Miss Jane Thompson

Mr. Brian Williams and Miss Hilary Charles

The 4th Troop, "B" Squadron of the Life Guards, the bridegroom's regiment, formed the guard of honour at the St. George's, Hanover Square, wedding of Brian Williams and Hilary Charles, third daughter of the late David Charles, and Mrs. Charles, of 25, Davies Street, W.1. His father was the late Wellington A. Williams, of Shernfold Park, Frant, Sussex

This England . . .

In the Brendon Hills—Somerset

SINCE it is become the fashion to ask questions, in spelling-bee and knowledge tests, let us propound four of the nicer sort for languorous July. Have you noticed that the song of the little birds has taken a more deliberate style, before the August hush? Have you noticed how on the heathlands the bees' note has swelled organ-like as they search the exhausted flowers, hungry for the heather yet to come? Have you noticed how on the stillest day the fervid poppy nods among the silent wheat? Have you noticed how in that parlour so coolly dim at noon-day, the Worthington that last winter flowed like an elixir through your chilly limbs, now slakes the burning throat and slows the hammering pulse?

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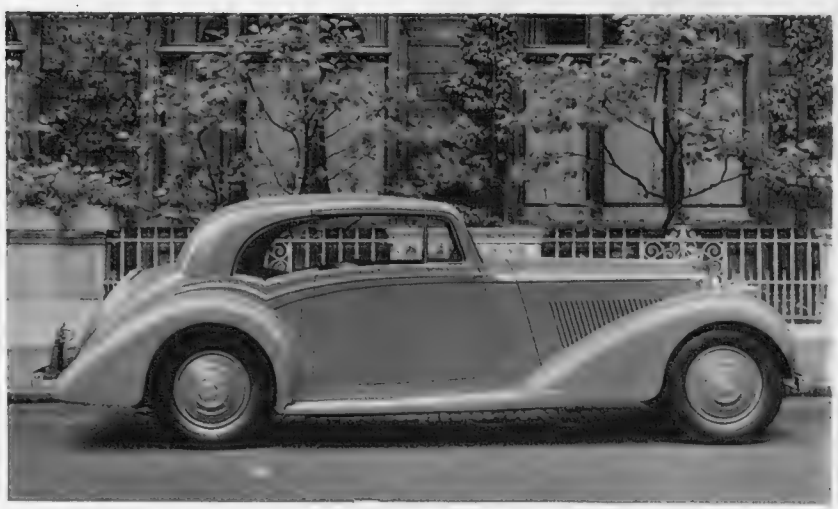
Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess



In Horsham now lives this 4½-litre Bentley, ordered by Major Henry Bell, with two-door, fixed-head, four-seater coupé; coachwork built by James Young, Ltd.

THE recommendations of the Joint Standing Sub-Committee of the Royal Automobile Club and the Auto-Cycle Union on the subject of Reliability Trials on the public highway have at last been published. Whereas, in the main, the recommendations are non-committal enough, there are one or two points which, to my way of thinking, at any rate, call for comment. Here is the text of the Report:

CALENDAR.

EACH year a comprehensive and complete calendar of all car and motor-cycle competitions to be held on the public highway shall be compiled by the R.A.C. and A.C.U. respectively. Clubs desiring to hold such competitions must submit their fixture lists to the R.A.C. and A.C.U. respectively by the second week of November in each year. The locality in which the competition is to be held shall be indicated. Immediately the two calendars have been completed, the R.A.C. and the A.C.U. will meet to "marry" the two fixtures lists, to ensure that no particular area is overworked, and that the number of competitions on the public highway, generally, is not excessive.

When the two fixture lists have been agreed, they will be regarded as final, and no applications for additional competitions in the year in question will be entertained. In the case of new clubs, however, formed or affiliated after the calendar has been completed, the governing body concerned will consider applications to hold events not on the calendar, but is not bound to permit them if circumstances render such permission inexpedient or undesirable.

SUNDAY TRIALS.

IN any locality where there exists objection to Sunday competitions on the highway, not more than one such competition shall be held on a Sunday in any three weeks.

No start, finish, check or control for a competition held on a Sunday shall be in the vicinity of any place of worship.

No competitions whatsoever shall be held on Armistice Sunday.

NOTICE TO LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

THE complete calendars for car and motor-cycle competitions on the highway shall, as soon as is convenient, be circulated by the R.A.C. and A.C.U. respectively to all highway and police authorities concerned, with the information that these comprise the whole of the competitions that will be held on the public highway under the permits of the R.A.C. and A.C.U. respectively during the coming year.

It shall be a condition of the issue of the permit for any competition on the highway that the county and/or borough highway and police authorities concerned shall be advised by the body promoting the competition of the route to be followed, in order to ascertain if there is any objection to the inclusion of any particular section. Intimation must reach the authority issuing the permit that this action has been taken, at least three weeks before the date of the competition, and should this intimation not comply with this condition, the permit and cover note will not be granted.

In order to facilitate the early issue of regulations, a provisional permit will be granted to promoters as soon as the regulations are approved.

COMPETITION TYRES.

COMPETITION tyres, tyres of abnormal size, chains or similar non-skid devices will not be permitted in any competition held on the public highway.

COMPETITION NUMBERS.

IT is considered that the display of competition numbers is undesirable and that wherever possible they should be dispensed with or made inconspicuous. Such number-plates must always be removed at the termination of a competition on the highway.

NOW, no one will quarrel with the Sub-Committee's findings on the subjects of Sunday Trials, Notice to Local Authorities, and the discreet use of Number Plates. However, under the heading of "Calendar" we read: "In the case of new clubs . . . the governing body concerned will consider applications . . . etc.," and yet under "Notice to Local Authorities," the first paragraph seems to imply that such new clubs cannot ever expect to receive such permits, since to grant them would be in contravention of the governing body's own ruling in relation to the notification of Local Authorities, because such notification (already given) has contained the statement that the list furnished "comprises the whole of the competitions that will be held on the public highway under the permits of the R.A.C. and the A.C.U. respectively during the coming year."

On the question of Competition Tyres, I disagree profoundly with the findings of the Sub-Committee. Indeed, it would almost seem that they have allowed themselves to be influenced by whispers from those interested in the promotion of trials. I do not accept the suggestion that the use of Competition tyres dictates the course selected. It is the fact that the course selected dictates the advisability of the use of Competition tyres. The number of failures, even by cars fitted with such tyres, in winter trials, over routes quite remote from populous districts, is testimony enough to the necessity for such equipment, while without "comps." many of the hills would be absolutely unclimbable by any car. What proof is there that, with the elimination of such tyres, the elimination of unclimbable hills will follow?

A Reliability Trial is, in reality, a form of wager. The organising club says: "Here is our course. We bet you a Premier Award you can't get round it without a failure." If, as a result of the banning of necessary equipment, the organisers are to be officially encouraged to bet upon a certainty, great damage to the excellent sport of Reliability Trials must result.

Finally, I am rather surprised that the Sub-Committee did not include in its Report a clause dealing with Route Marking, for whereas the larger clubs are scrupulous in removing direction cards as soon as a trial is finished, yet many of the smaller clubs are lax in this respect, and the countryside becomes disfigured as a result.

In Gretna Green stands this M.G. two-litre four-door saloon. It owes its high performance and luxurious quality to its six-cylinder, rubber-mounted engine, four-speed synchromesh gear-box, and its road-holding and braking excellence

VAT 69

To appreciate whisky at its very best, you should try VAT 69. Its luxury blend will appeal to you, as it has appealed to good judges of whisky for generations—Try it to-day.

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1938

Quality tells!

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND
SCOTCH WHISKY

½ bottles, ¼ bottles, flasks and miniatures

Distilled and bottled in Scotland by Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., LEITH

C.F.H.

"Daily Telegraph" Finals

By Eleanor E. Helme

I DON'T really know when I have seen seventy-two people more obviously, genuinely, and unaffectedly enjoying themselves, than the players at Wentworth, on the day of the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* finals. Of course, they had something, in fact a great deal, of which to be proud. They had qualified first in their clubs, then in their District Finals; for so doing they were to receive one of those seventy-two cups which stood in dazzling array before the dais in the hall; with luck and good golf one of them must also take home a magnificent challenge cup and replica, or a lesser reward for heading their division or returning the best scratch score.

Yes, no wonder they were cheerful, and that a buzz of contented talk hummed round the dining-room, and the Dutch garden, and the big hall. Yet there had been plenty that might have broken their spirit. That pond at the fifth hole on the Middle course. Do not competitors in "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes know it of old? Who has not been into that pond? The Silver division were on the Middle course in the morning: they, even they, might be seen playing short, playing too short, and so having to play short yet again; playing provisional balls, exhausting their own supply, borrowing from their opponents, and all making life much harder for themselves than it need have been by failing to realise that, under the rules of golf, a pond is a water hazard and the ball may be dropped as close to the nasty thing as you choose, with loss of a stroke, instead of where you played the previous shot.

Well, there was that pond; there were the other hazards; there was brilliant sun, which made the greens slippery in the afternoon; there was the excitement of the occasion. Under all these circumstances, not only the smiles, but the scores returned, were of the highest class.

I COULD not watch everybody, and in the morning only saw the very determined and courageous start of Miss M. Hampson, from Worcester, who had a really tip-top 69—4=65 on that Middle course, of which par is 68. This young player, impresses one as full of real promise; she fell away in the afternoon, but that 69 was very hard to live up to. The player I did watch was Miss Pywell, who has made her mark more than once in "Bystander" Foursomes, with Mrs. Deacon as her partner. After an uninspired start, she went away with a whole string of 3's, to come home in 33, and round in 63.

MISS TAPSFIELD, of St. George's Hill, was 66 net, in 71—8=63. Mrs. Dimock, of Royston, 67 net, Mrs. D. Atkins, the eventual winner, from Standard Motor Co. L.G.C., 68, so was Miss Guthrie, of Moor Hall, Mrs. Hothersall, of Blackpool, 70, and several 71's, including Mrs. Allan Macbeth, hitting the ball as only an ex-open champion can, which is the same as saying it was quite delightful to watch.

It was good to find the name Dobell in the lists, too, and if it were not Mrs. Temple Dobell, it was the next best thing, her daughter Elizabeth, battling away in the Bronze division. She, however, had various misfortunes, and the lead there was held by Miss B. Fraser, of Bournemouth, with 71 net.

Eventually the Bronze division was headed by Mrs. A. Bowring, who comes now from Woodhall Spa, but has played mostly in Sierra Leone, after a tie at 143 net, with Mrs. Welman, of Whitington Barracks.

ONE of these long handicaps might, of course, have won the whole competition, but the Silver held the fort right nobly, Mrs. Atkins, Miss Tapsfield and Miss Pywell tieing for first place at 140, the tie going in that order on the last nine holes of the East course.

Miss Pywell's finish was a bit of a tragedy, like Mrs. Atkins' putting, and Miss Tapsfield's long game, for she was more than well in the running until the sixteenth cost her a seven, but it was a brave effort, after leading at lunch-time, to fall no farther behind than third on the day. Her opponent, Mrs. Drabble, from Newark, holed the fourth on the East in one, just to put some sparkle into an otherwise disappointing card, and Mrs. Macbeth, like Miss Pywell, failing to finish well, won the East course scratch prize with 77.

For the First Time

The "Daily Telegraph's" highly ambitious and highly successful national women's tournament was played this year for the first time, and was won at Wentworth by Mrs. D. M. Atkins (Standard Motors) from Miss Tapsfield (St. Geroge's Hill) on the last six holes, both having tied at 140

Lady Birkenhead, giving away the cups, said that her father, Lord Camrose, had wanted to do something for women's golf. He has certainly done it; 25,000 (units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands) players. Mr. Maxwell Lyte has reckoned up the millions of shots played, but he did not tell us how many words he has written in the organising he had done so perfectly; the golfers owe him a lot, too.

PARLIAMENTARY Foursomes have had to run their course unwatched at Moor Park. And now, to-morrow, to The Berkshire for Wakefield Trophy finals. Of them next week.

AN APOLOGY

On p. 116 in last week's issue, the names of four players were transposed under pictures of the Highland Ladies' Championship. We much regret this mistake.

Miss H. Scott was the youngest competitor in the final of the "Daily Telegraph" national women's tournament at Wentworth. Playing against the runner-up, she returned 76+74=150

Miss Pywell was the third player to tie with a return of 140 at Wentworth; she played a fine round of 63 on the Middle course to win a consolation prize in the Silver division

Miss J. Guthrie, here seen putting on the twelfth green at Wentworth, finished, in the Silver division, with 69 on the Middle course, spoilt by 90 on the East, totalling 159

At Cowes, as at all Social gatherings, there is one certain way of meeting the request for a cool, delicious and eminently refreshing drink . . . .

Kia-ora

For an appetiser—mix a "GINORA"—
Short Drink, ½ KIA-ORA ORANGE, ½ Gin; shake; serve cold.
For a long drink — add soda.

Leading Air Topics of the Day

By Charles Ward

Flying for Everyone

THE air question interests everyone, either as a subject for thought, for conversation, or for action. No one can escape from the influence of the aeroplane, nor from the sound of its engine overhead. The effort we are making to achieve parity with the strongest of our possible competitors, is designed to prevent conflict, to avoid those horrors which are afflicting Spain and China at the present day. There are no thoughts expressed in any foreign country that our Air Force will be used for purposes of aggression. The armaments race has been forced on us by others. We must pay the price in cash if we are to avoid the price of defeat. This being so, it is in everyone's interest to assist in our flying development. A passive attitude is not sufficient. Those who have power or wealth can do no more than the majority of the nation if it should come to a test of arms, but, in time of peace, they can see to it that we are prepared. We must fly or we must concern ourselves with flying progress in some form.

American Support

MUCH adverse criticism has been directed against the Air Ministry for enlisting the support of the United States in our re-armament programme. The fact remains that we need reinforcements before trouble can start, even more urgently than after the event. A commercial alliance with the States on the matter of aircraft production is a powerful influence for peace, bearing in mind that the Atlantic is no longer an obstacle to modern 'planes. Howard Hughes' flight round the top of the world, and Corrigan's lone patrol across the Atlantic are significant events. The Lockheed "14," used by Hughes, is identical with 200 of its type ordered for the R.A.F. It is the same 'plane, fitted as a liner, which is to strengthen the fleet of British Airways. Stripped of military equipment and carrying a skeleton crew, any of several modern American aircraft types could be ferried across the Atlantic with no more losses than were sustained in the last European War during delivery flights from British factories to the Western Front.

The Atlantic Season

AT the time of going to press, "Mercury" has flown the Atlantic, and inaugurated a series of experiments to last until the end of October. Fifteen crossings are scheduled, with the object of planning regular services for next year. "Mercury" will explore the northern route via Newfoundland, and the southern lane via the Azores on the way home. The "Albatross" will stick to the northern route, and a second of its class will remain on the other side during the winter, in order to train a crew, and to study flying conditions. An improved version of the "Empire" boat, will also make two double crossings, carrying mails. The latter will also be helped by refuelling in the air, the first time that this form of assisted flight has been attempted for an actual journey on a service. The third method, catapulting, is not to be used for some time with an aircraft of the size needed for an ocean journey. Further experiments are necessary before it is certain that the expense of a big catapult is justified.

Notes from the Tarmac

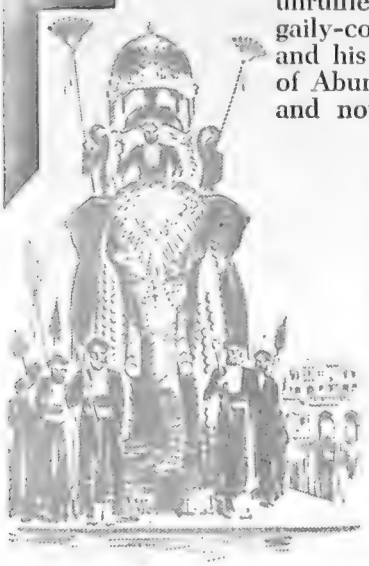
CHANGE at Luton for London sounds a strange cry, until one realises the excellent train service to the City, and the proximity of its aerodrome to the railway station. London is still without an airport plan that is likely to be carried into effect. Croydon and Heston are crowded. Lullingstone remains a collection of fields. Fairlop Plain makes progress, but Gatwick has a scheme for development which needs a large sum of money to put into practice. Air transport is continually overtaking the facilities offered for its services. Luton may well become an airport for the North of London, and could handle Continental traffic in an emergency. The Civil Aviation Report gives us interesting figures of progress — sufficient to soothe some of the pessimists who would have us believe we are behind with everything. The British Empire operates more mileage on regular air routes than any other country—80,000 miles, with the United States second at 63,600 miles. During 1937, British aircraft on regular services crossed the Channel 12,600 times, carrying 78,000 passengers. One of the senior manufacturers of aircraft is developing an advanced type of flying-boat. The firm is Blackburns, which has been identified with seaplanes, flying-boats and deck-landing types for twenty-five years. The Company has its headquarters at Brough, on the Humber, with factories at Leeds and Glasgow. At present its principal type is the "Skua," a dive bomber which is also an excellent fighter.

Charles E. Brown

Public interest in defence is common to all countries. Our picture shows Hawker "Hurricanes" en route from Paris to London, after taking part in the French national air display at Villacoublay, where their presence was much appreciated. The "Hurricane" is powered with a Rolls Royce engine and its armament includes eight machine guns

Blazing with barbaric pearl and gold, the Goddess Gauri is carried to bathe at the water's edge . . . . . a festival celebrated to this day in lovely Udaipur

The stage is set . . . blue skies and a lake of deeper blue broken only by the cool green of foliage and the dazzling white of Udaipur's marble palaces, rising sheer from the water. All around are the townspeople and beyond them the mountains, their craggy peaks reflected in the unruffled waters of the lake. By the gaily-coloured boats, the Rana of Udaipur and his nobles await Gauri, the Goddess of Abundance and ripening harvests . . . . and now guns from the summit of the castle announce her coming. First, young girls chanting hymns; then the Goddess on her throne, arrayed in gorgeous yellow robes, ablaze with jewels, and with a gay-clad retinue. Neither scene nor ritual have changed for many a hundred years; yet here is no outworn relic of tradition . . . festivals such as this and the Juggernaut at Puri or Dasara at Mysore are part of India's very life. To you, they will be sudden glimpses of a world long lost, scenes whose colour and intensity are unforgettable.



A visit to India offers far more than pageantry; it shows you wonderful monuments to dead civilisations, good sport and hunting, a sight of the rugged Khyber, of lovely Kashmir and the incomparable Himalayas.

The cool season affords a pleasant climate for Europeans, language difficulties are non-existent and railway fares cheap. You will travel in unaccustomed roominess and, in some cases, on air-conditioned trains; sleeping berths are not an extra charge. Let us plan you a new kind of Winter holiday . . . once in your life at least, you must come to India.

INDIA

INDIAN RAILWAYS BUREAU, 57, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 1171
or any authorised Tourist Agency.

Keymer

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (20th Year)

HOLDER: LALLY VAGLIANO

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 7th, 8th and 9th. No Qualifying Round.

September 5th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 6th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 9th, 1938.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Tuesday, August 23rd, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1937 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch match-play knock-out tournament at Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th. Halved matches will be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 8th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 5th; all mothers or chaperons may do so at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1938, representing Scotland and England Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen

WHERE TO STAY.

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at either of these

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

20th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1938

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Tuesday, August 23rd.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

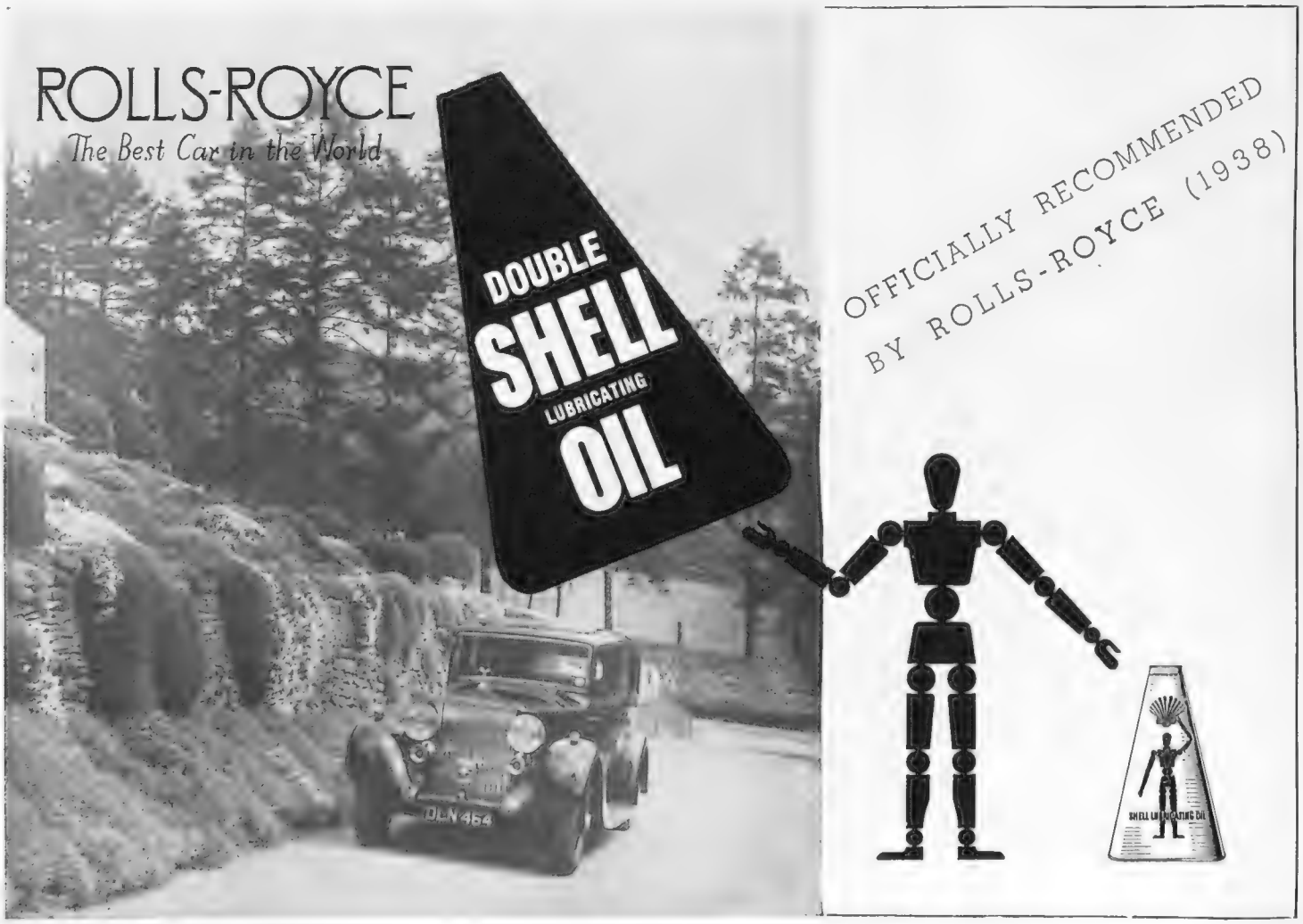
Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth ..... *Club (if any)* .....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)* .....

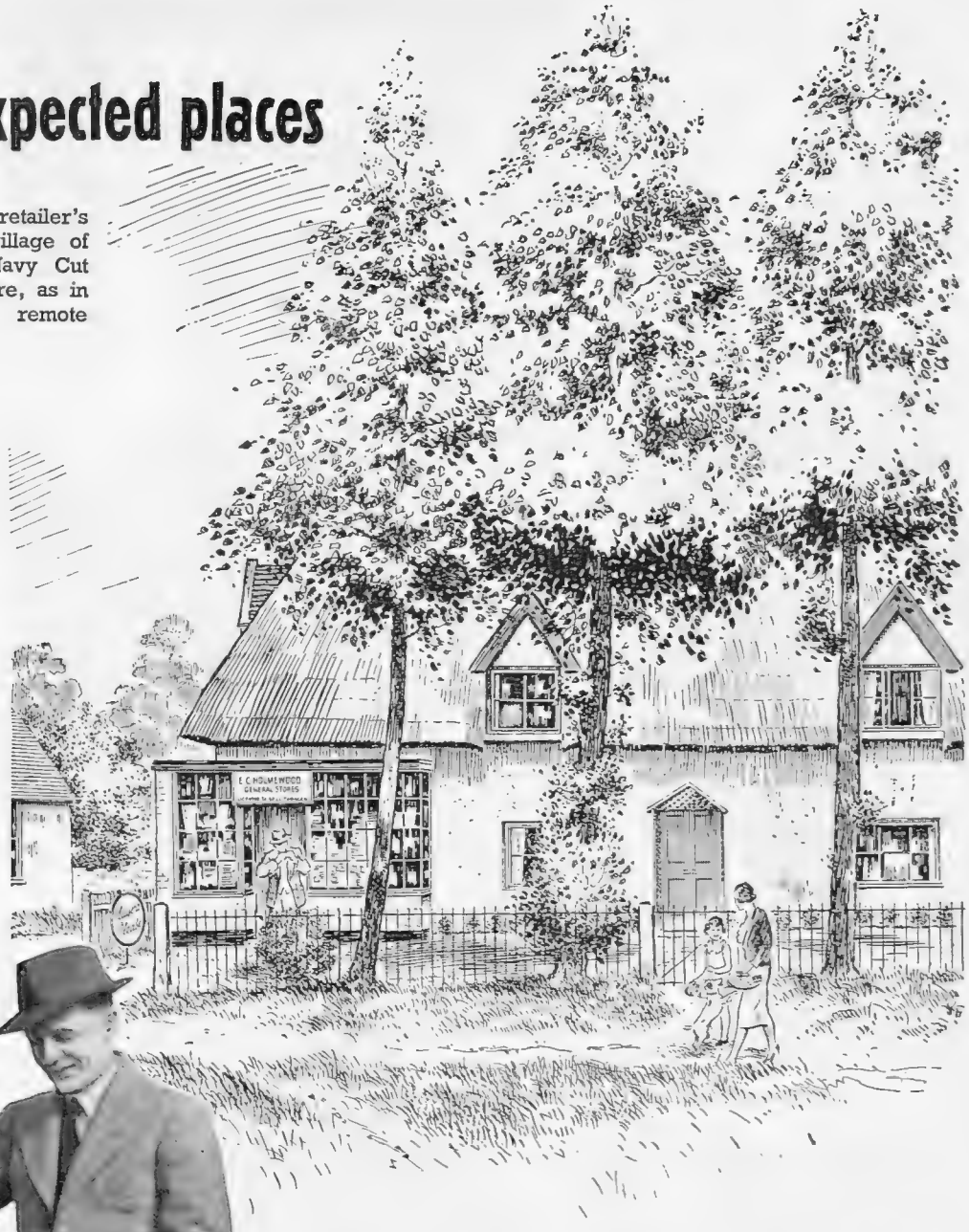
{*and should like *but should not like} to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.



In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old-established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium."

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED • 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

N.C.C.431B

Modern Aids to Beauty

Heads Up

FASHIONS in hairdressing are very largely influenced by those in millinery, and any drastic changes usually take place at the beginning of a season. The swept-up coiffure, for example, first started last Spring, when every designer was showing flat Edwardian sailor hats, but, like everything else which is new and unusual, it was looked upon as rather extravagant and difficult to wear. Those women, however, who were brave enough to take the plunge did so with great success, and now there is a definite vogue for swept-up lines. Needless to say, this fashion is subject to many variations, but in every case there is movement and uplift. Emile, the well-known hairdressers at 24, Conduit Street, are experts in the art of creating new and individual hair styles which are becoming as well as fashionable. They study a woman's head from every angle, and if her neck is too short or her nose too large they dress her hair in a way which will accentuate her good points and camouflage her bad ones. They also have a special system of permanent waving which involves neither machinery nor electricity, merely sachets. Point winding is given for curls, and the waves are firm and lasting. This system is particularly good for hair which is either dyed, bleached or naturally white.

The new upward movement is reflected in this coiffure, created by Emile. The hair has to be specially cut and waved before being brushed up from the nape of the neck, and dressed in soft curls. A spray of flowers or a diamond clip may be added at night. Beauty treatments for the neck and ears are now being given, as it is essential for both to be as lovely as possible

Keep on Brushing

MANY people are still under the impression that brushing is bad for the hair, and especially a permanent wave, whereas really there is nothing in the world so good for it. One should always have several brushes in use, and keep them scrupulously clean. Hard brushing for ten minutes or so night and morning will rid the scalp of any dust and cause the blood to circulate freely so that the pores are able to breathe. Another excellent way of keeping the hair healthy and strong is to pull it as hard as ever you can. At night divide it into strands and give each one a sharp tug; this will loosen the scalp and cause the hair to grow infinitely thicker. Emile specialize in all sorts of scalp treatments, and have an excellent dandruff ointment for home use. This has to be massaged right into the scalp and left overnight so that it has time to eat away the dandruff. In order really to complete the cure, however, it is necessary to undergo a course of special shampoos, also hot-air treatments. It is certainly a condition which should never be neglected, as it clogs the pores and prevents the growth of young hairs, and eventually causes greyness. At this time of year many people complain of their hair being so dry and difficult to manage. This may be caused by too much sun, too much sea, or again the wrong sort of food. In the first two cases the hair, and especially the ends, should be treated with one of Emile's special tonics containing nourishing oils. If, on the other hand, it is a question of diet, or acidity of the blood, a doctor should be consulted.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(17th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1938.

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1937 or 1938, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above: Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1938. No Entrance Fee

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address .....

..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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Cleansing Tissues	2/-
Complexion Milk	3/-
Skin Food	3/6, 10/6
Skin Tonic	2/6, 4/6, 10/6
Lemon Cream	3/6
Muscle Oil	2/6
Face Powder	3/-
Foundation Lotion (5 Shades)	2/6
Emollient Hand Lotion	2/6

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Yvonne Leslie Hansen

Is the only daughter of Mrs. E. M. Hansen, of 25, Roland Gardens, S.W.7, and is engaged to Walter Derek Hamilton Duke, The Gordon Highlanders, only son of the Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Duke, of Middlebie, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Phyllis Dodwell

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Dodwell, of Little Garth, Wentworth, Virginia Water; she is to marry George Clarke Bean, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Bean, of 29, Templar Way, Summit, N.J., U.S.A.

Lenare

Margaret Hamilton

Is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. W. Hamilton, of Quarry, Northam, Devon; she is to marry John Arthur Richard Boyd Sievwright, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sievwright, of Benmore, St. Andrews, Fife

Polyfoto

Gwendolin Robinson

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Robinson, of Terrace Hill, Shaw's Bridge, Co. Down; she is engaged to Mitchell Swan, son of Mr. E. Swan, of Monaghan, Co. Tyrone

Kay Vaughan

Angela Mary Garnier

Is the elder daughter of the Rev. George R. and Mrs. Garnier, of Shropham Hall, Norfolk; she is engaged to Cyril Penn Hamilton, R.H.A., son of the late Col. J. E. and Mrs. Hamilton

Kay Vaughan

Primrose Elizabeth Gordon

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, Cranborne, Dorset, and is engaged to Michael Morley, 10th Royal Hussars, son of Mr. F. W. Morley, of Biddestone Manor, Chippenham, and Mrs. Noel Llewellyn, of Caen Hill, Devizes

Pearl Freeman

Patricia Backhouse

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Backhouse, of St. Anthony, Ashurst, Southampton; she is engaged to John Sugden, younger son of the late Rev. E. H. Sugden and Mrs. Sugden, of Brough, Westmorland

Douglas

Marian Sheila Mitchell

Is the younger daughter of the late J. S. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of St. Andrew's Mansions, Dorset Street, W.1, and is engaged to Robert Egerton, only son of Mr. J. A. Egerton, of The Field, Penmaemawr, Caernarvonshire

Lenare

Marie Adeline Ingle

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Ingle, of Hillylands, Oakhill, Somerset, and is to marry John Richard Rodly Shore, only son of Major and Mrs. John Lintorn Shore, of Whatley House, Somerset

Lenare

Valerie Margaret Dawes

Is the daughter of Mrs. R. G. B. Spicer, of Woodend, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, and is engaged to John William Elliot Mackenzie, The Seaforth Highlanders, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Mackenzie, of Squires Hall, Fleet

Lenare

Evelyn Mary Bolden

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bolden, of 4, Cedar House, Marloes Road, W.8; she is engaged to Renny Christian Mure FitzHugh, younger son of the Rev. V. C. A. and Mrs. FitzHugh, of Wensley, Leyburn, Yorks.

Catherine Bell

Noel Alys Crawford

Is the only daughter of the late H. G. Crawford and Mrs. Rita Crawford, of Red Hatch, Yateley, Hants., and is to marry Richard Anthony Davies, Royal Berkshire Regt., second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Davies, of Rio de Janeiro

Duncannon — Luscombe

Peter Duncannon, son of the late T. J. G. Duncannon and Mrs. Duncannon, of Hadlow House, Hadlow Downs, Sussex, and Phyllis Luscombe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Luscombe, of Barn Wood, Worth, Sussex, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Streatfeild — Davies

It was a Somerset and Dorset wedding at St. Stephen's, Winsham, between Lt. John Streatfeild, R.N., eldest son of the Rev. C. A. C. and Mrs. Streatfeild, of Lymondsshney Rectory, Bridport, and Joan Davies, younger daughter of Major Sir George Davies, M.P., and Lady Davies, of Leigh House, Chard, Somerset

Hankin — Spedding

Norman Travers Hankin and Sonia Rodney Spedding were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Geymer Hankin, of 44, Shakespeare Road, Bedford; she is the younger daughter of the late Major Rodney Spedding and Mrs. Spedding, of The Old Cottage, Hambledon

Ballantyne — Gavin

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Henry Ballantyne, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. David Ballantyne and Mrs. Ballantyne, of Burns, Kirton Manor, Peeblesshire, married Barbara Mary Gavin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crichton Gavin, of 3, Bramcote Road, Putney

Davis — Magill

Howell Effingham Davis, younger son of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. S. Davis, of Coglan House, Longhope, Glos., and Lucy Patricia Magill, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. Magill, of 7, Wilton Mansions, Glasgow, were married at All Saints', Longhope

Gibbons — Lupton

John Gibbons, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. L. P. Gibbons, of Elm Hill, Grimley, Worcestershire, married Elizabeth Lupton at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. A. C. Lupton, of Rookbury Mill, Andover

Darlington — Bent

Henry John Darlington, son of Col. Sir Henry Darlington, K.C.B., C.M.G., T.D., of Melling Hall, near Lancaster, married Nancy Baldwin Bent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Bent, of Wray House, near Lancaster, at Melling Church

Fleming — Daurstang

William James Dyke Fleming, only son of the late Col. J. G. Fleming and Mrs. Fleming, of 74, Kensington Church Street, W.8, and Meroë Daurstang, only daughter of Professor and Mrs. John Daurstang, of Thornbury, Formby, Lancs., were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Picton — McCarthy

Dr. Arthur D. Picton, youngest son of Dr. L. J. and Mrs. Picton, of Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, married Sheila McCarthy at St. John's, Waterloo Road. His bride is a member of the Vic-Wells ballet company

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 27—August 2

First Night and Matinèa dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI.—Maurice Schwartz and the Yiddish Art Theatre play a New York Jewish success: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's new play: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by the all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by Cecil Parker and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Aldwych, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

LYSISTRATA.—Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale head the cast in Aristophanes' anti-war comedy: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15

MARITZA.—Good music and light sentiments of the Viennese model are half-translated into English by Mara Losseff, Douglas Byng, Shaun Glenville: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 107.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE STRANGER.—Excellent light comedy of the family model; June Clyde brings dissension into the peaceful family of which Henry Hewitt, Agnes Lauchlan and Robert Eddison are members: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30

"Lysistrata"

Gladys Cooper plays the name part and Philip Merivale plays Kinesias in the charming production of Aristophanes' comedy at the Open Air Theatre

Drama Festivals

CANTERBURY.—The Old Stagers in Sheridan, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Sherwood: Central Theatre, Canterbury, from Sat., 30th.

MALVERN.—New plays by Shaw, Priestley, Bridie, Dunsany, and C. K. Munro form the programme: opens Bank Holiday.

STRATFORD.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, with Edward Everett Horton, in the high-life comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER (American).—A story of cosmopolitan intrigue, with Loretta Young, C. Aubrey Smith, David Niven: Regal.

L'HOMME DU JOUR (French).—Maurice Chevalier is an electrician taken up by a great actress—Elvire Popesco—and by the public, but dropped back into Josette Day's arms: Berkeley.

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michèle Morgan are the players: Curzon.

PROFESSOR, BEWARE! (American).—Harold Lloyd's latest, with a new leading lady, Phyllis Welsh: Plaza.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu; also *Farewell Again*: Academy.

SCARLET PIMPERNEL and SANDERS OF THE RIVER (British; revivals).—Orczy and Wallace, Leslie Howard and Leslie Banks, make the Odeon programme.

THE SHEIK (American).—Rudolph Valentino in this classic of revivals: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

THE SON OF THE SHEIK (American).—Rudolph Valentino replays his classic *Sheik* part (q.v.): Leicester Square.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN (American).—A triangle, as you might have guessed; Mary Astor, Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce: Empire.

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT (American).—An advertising agency is the background for marital comedy by Kay Francis and Pat O'Brien: Gaumont.

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LA CONCURRENCE, CENDRILLON, PETROUCHKA.—To-night, 27th, 8.45.

COTILLON, THAMAR, PROTÉE, L'OISEAU DE FEU.—Thurs., 28th, 8.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, LES PRÉSAGES, CENDRILLON.—Fri., 29th, 8.45.

LES PAPILLONS, COQ D'OR, SCHEHERAZADE.—Sat., 30th, 2.30.

LES SYLPHIDES, CENDRILLON, CHOREARTIUM.—Sat., 30th, 8.45.

RUSSIAN BALLET AT DRURY LANE:

CARNAVAL, SEVENTH SYMPHONY, LE BEAU DANUBE.—To-day, 27th, 2.45.

LES ELFES, NOBILISSIMA VISIONE, IGROUCHKA, DANSES POLOVSTIENNES.—To-night, 27th, 8.45.

GISELLE (Two Acts), ICARE, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—Thurs., 28th, 8.45.

LES ELFES, LE TRICORNE, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—Fri., 29th, 8.45.

GISELLE (Two Acts), LE BEAU DANUBE.—Sat., 30th, 2.45.

LAC DES CYGNES, SEVENTH SYMPHONY, GAITÉ PARISIENNE.—Sat., 30th, 8.45.

SPORT

GOODWOOD RACE WEEK.—Goodwood Stakes to-day, 27th; Goodwood Cup to-morrow, 28th; Chesterfield Cup, Fri., 29th.

COWES WEEK.—The Royal Regatta off the Isle of Wight opens on Sat., 30th.

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11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.
A.M.	
12.20DE	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry, Glasgow (St. Enoch).

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8.30	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Ayr, Turnberry.
9.30	Glasgow (Cent.).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Oban.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

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